TWO QUAINT REPUBLICS

ANDORRA *And* SAN MARINO

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON

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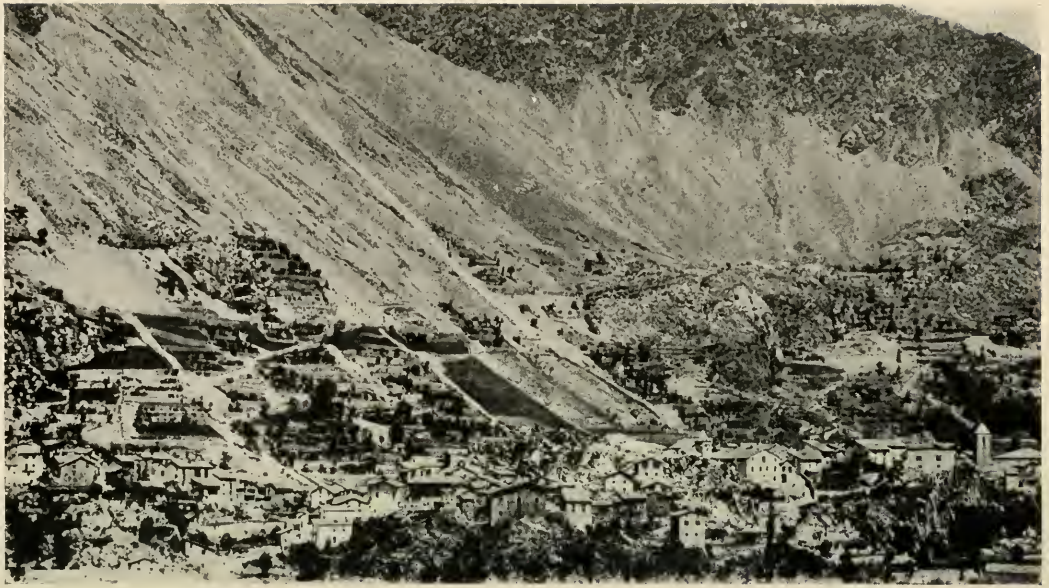

ANDORRA THE ANCIENT AND SLOPES OF MOUNT ANDAR.

TWO QUAINT REPUBLICS

ANDORRA AND SAN MARINO

BY

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "MANY YEARS OF A FLORENCE BALCONY,"
"SUMMER DAYS AT VALLOMBROSA,"
"A BERMUDA LILY," ETC.

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ANDORRA

TWO QUAINT REPUBLICS

I

A FASTNESS OF THE HILLS

"I RECALL a miniature republic lost in a corner of the Pyrenees," said Napoleon Bonaparte.

Yet Andorra exists as a fact of history. Few modern travellers on the great thoroughfare routes of Spain and France pause to seek the tiny stronghold of liberty, entrenched amidst a rampart of rocks and encircling mountains. Situated in a nook of the southern slopes of the Pyrenees, with an area of one hundred and fifty square miles, it has been an independent state since the latter part of the Eighth Century.

The development and stability of a republic may be largely determined by its site. Andorra owes

durability to the environment of lofty peaks on all sides, with the exception of the south, where the river Embalire flows in the direction of the Spanish frontier. The territory consists of three valleys, divided into six parishes, and boasts of some twelve thousand inhabitants. The villages of *Ordino, Tamassane, Saint-Julien, Saldeu, Canillo, Encamp, Las Escaldas,* and several hamlets built in the defiles, and on the grassy uplands, lead to the chief town of *Andorre-la-Vieille.* This capital has a church built in the Romanesque style, and a semi-fortified Council House. It has been the seat of government for centuries. A charter of franchise was granted by Charlemagne as a recompense of services rendered by the Andorrans in the campaign against the Moors. The mighty ruler thus gave freedom to the tiny clan, and permitted the Andorrans to govern themselves by municipal administration, safely sheltered in their mountain retreat. Louis-le-Débonnaire, surnamed the Pious by the grateful Republic, confirmed these privileges. From that epoch the valleys of Andorra have been ruled by the code of laws of the capitularies of their first founder.

In the records of modern Europe the mention

made of the little Republic is apt to be curt and unsympathetic. Guide-books briefly describe it as owing immunity to poverty and insignificance. The community is governed by a Syndic (Mayor), and a Council of twenty-four members. Two *Viguiers,* or Magistrates, one appointed by France, as the actual protector of Andorra, and the other by the Bishop of Urgel, on the part of Spain, maintain the equilibrium of power with near neighbours. Each nation receives a yearly tribute from the Republic. The Bishop of Urgel holds a spiritual supremacy, and, on the payment of a tithe of revenues, enforces instruction, catechism, and preaching of the Spanish clergy. France exerts a temporal influence by appointing the *Viguier,* or Provost, from the Department of Ariège to control judiciary and military rule on all the territory of Andorra. In recompense the Republic enjoys the right to buy of France, through the Department of Ariège, the merchandise needful in the commonwealth of villages and hamlets without payment of custom-house dues. A sovereign Council of twelve members is elected for life from the six communes of Andorra. These Councillors are reputed to be very tenacious of their rights. Now

they incline to Spain, and now to France, in the influences of the hour, and the jealousies thus engendered between the rival magistrates serves the good Andorrans, who enjoy exemption from possible encroachment of undue tyranny on the part of these factors. Who shall say that the balance of government is not solved in a satisfactory manner, albeit in a nutshell? The Bishop of Urgel adds to his other titles that of Prince of Andorra, while the Magistrate of France is an equally notable person. The Assemblies held are scarcely more than a form, and the Syndic, elected by the inhabitants, actually governs the state during the year. The costume, habits, and language of Andorra are Spanish. This territory of a patriarchal Republic is a poor country, with a slender commerce carried on between Spain and France, suspected of being fraudulent, occasionally, furnished with several working forges, and dealing in the sale of cattle. Iron ore and timber form a considerable resource, and enable the Andorrans to purchase the supplies of grain requisite for food in such an elevated region, where the ripening harvest is meagre. The pastoral state pays no other revenues, furnishes no contingent of soldiers to either nation, and taxes

are nearly null for a people without official employment and wages. The expenses of the church are the chief outlay. The Syndic, or President, exercises much authority. At his order the men gather, with their weapons in hand, as a sort of militia.

In the estimation of Montesquieu countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile, but as they are free.

To the American, child of the present, born to this priceless boon of freedom in the widest and fullest significance of a noble inheritance, the contemplation of little Andorra, holding its own through all the changing phases of European politics, is replete with interest.

The liliputian state, in turn, seems to shake the hoary head of wisdom, and admonish:

"Oh, young America, you have an untrammelled horizon of inexhaustible resources and illimitable space in which to develop a future. What do you know of the cares of government, with delicate diplomatic adjustment of possible tiffs between the Bishop of Urgel, on the one hand, and the suzerain of France on the other, through the medium of the two *Viguiers?* Surely you have not

needed to beg the mountain recesses to hide you, a trembling fugitive, flying from the invasion of passing hordes of Saracens! Surely you have not feared for your home in the gathering storms of distant wars, revolutions, and conquest by sea and land, rising with the menace of thunder from the Valley of Carol, and the Breach of Roland on the Spanish frontier, and Ax and Ariège on the limits of France! In your great Republic of the West you are independent from the Pacific to the Atlantic Oceans. Guard well your birthright!"

The gateway of Spain to modest Andorra leads from the Bay of Biscay to the rocky defiles of the Pyrenees through the land of palm, aloe, citron, and fig, where Beauty decks her tresses, coquettishly, with jasmine, roses, or violets in the *patio* of her house, or dances the *bolero* and *cachuca* in the countryside with a supple grace; the traveller in the dark and smoky living-room of the *posada,* kitchen and stable in one, watches the little pot simmer on the fire, which contains a frugal supper of peppers, onions, and bread, preparatory to passing the night on the earthen floor, wrapped in his cloak; and the dusty muleteer drains the wine-skin on the roads in fulfilment of the Spanish proverb that a

swallow in traversing Castile must fetch its own grain. The actual portal of frontier is formed of heights clothed with pine-trees, glaciers glistening in the sun, and vast amphitheatres surrounded by dark abysses where flow turbulent streams.

The gateway of France to this tiny stronghold of liberty is a succession of more gradual slopes of pasturage, with rough beds of torrents, and trackless ledges. In the month of November a traditional nomad host descend these declivities. The herdsman precedes the flocks, with a bell in his hand, the master and mistress follow on horses, carrying the younger children on the croup of their saddles, while the eldest daughter, distaff in hand, and the grown son, clad as a hunter, furnished with a bag of salt marked with a red cross, close in the rear of the picturesque group.

Such is Andorra, the mountain fastness that has stood so many years above the vicissitudes of conflicts of religion, and the fall of kingdoms and empires.

II

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS VISITORS

THE shepherd of the Pyrenees, playing a simple melody on his pipe in the summer twilight, is a symbolical figure of a rural community.

The world may wax old, evil, restless, but a shepherd still appeals to the nature of mankind with a sentiment of peace and refreshment. The note of a rustic flute floating in the window of a passing train soothes the ear of the most prosaic, modern financier, journeying from London or Paris southward. The figure rises unbidden before the traveller's imagination of the Cistercian monk, breviary and staff in hand, following the sheep across level, sandy wastes. Still more vivid is the portrait of the shepherd of the Landes, mounted on stilts, gathering the resin by a process of tapping the bark, or leaning against the trunk of the pine-tree knitting a stocking.

The Andorran watches on the height. He is a

vigorous son of the mountains, clad in the vest and breeches of heavy, brown cloth of the *Hautes Pyrénées,* with leather gaiters, and a tall cap of wool on his head. A keen-edged knife is sheathed in his belt, ready for those emergencies of life which require weapons. He wears a scapulary around his neck. He is superstitious rather than religious. Untouched by the ambition and cupidity of towns, he leads the sheep to summer quarters in rude huts, where the faithful dog aids his master in driving off wild beasts, and the flock obey a call or a whistle when wolves are near. A lighted brazier burns all night before the door to keep prowling bears at bay.

The cabin, or *couïlas,* is ten feet long, and six in height, with roughly constructed stone walls which freely permit the passage of wind and smoke, and roofed with pine, or tiles of slate. The simple appointments of the interior consist of a bench extending from the door to the hearth, and a common couch of boughs, moss, and twigs. Here the shepherd may eat his portion of coarse bread, and drink a little milk, or whey, from a *cubat,* a vase, or cup, of wood, held in the other hand, while resting after the long vigil of the day. He has guided his

charge to the realm of fresh pasturage, the clover and fragrant plants of the rocks, which impart an aromatic savour to the mutton. Eagles and bald-headed vultures, less powerful than the *lemmer-geyer* of the Alps, yet cousin of the condor of the Andes, circle in mid-air on strong pinions, alert to frighten the kids and lambs on the brink of a precipice. Sly Bruin is apt to lurk amidst the bushes of wild gooseberry near some rivulet equally ready to pounce on innocent prey.

In such summer retreats of solitude the occasional associates of the Andorra shepherd are rude folk, but they are assuredly among the most curious and picturesque types of Europe.

Possibly he exchanges a greeting with a brother, the Iberian tender of flocks. The latter is sinister of mien, yet described as having a certain serenity of expression acquired by contemplation of nature in the vast amphitheatre of the hills.

The pastoral Spanish garb boasts of laced sandals, a large Aragonese hat, and the hair held in a net of red wool. The Iberian knits a stocking, a masculine resource of lonely hours, in watching over his charge, which recall those mutton ancestors of Spain, whose fleeces, prepared and dressed

by England in a superior manner, warmed all the world with a silky fibre strengthened by the keen air of starry nights on the Sierras, according to Matthew of Westminster.

The infancy of cheese-making has a cradle in these regions. The cauldrons of milk are heated over a fire, after which the curd is pressed with both hands in vases of wood, perforated with holes until no more whey exudes, then put in moulds to become cheese, dry, salt, and sharp to the taste, stored in caves to keep fresh. For the rest these shepherds cook their soup, and await a weekly visit of the messenger sent by the master with provisions. An additional cloak, or coverlet, to aid in braving the cold, is occasionally added to the morsel of bacon, bread, and supply of maize.

Nearer neighbours intrude on the habitual stillness of the Andorran in those kindred sons of the Pyrenees, the wood-cutters. These hew the pines for the masts of vessels on the borders of Spain from Gabas and Itseaux to Benou and Irati. The labour is performed when the concentric rings of bark in the noble tree show that a suitable age has been attained. Care and skill have always been used to avoid injury to the timber by a fall into

the ravines. The torrents that float the logs are dwindled by summer heat to a depth of one foot, while the melting snows of winter increase the volume of water to three feet. Thus the trees of Ossan are guided to Estos, and those of Aspe to Atas. Sledges on wheels transport the lumber to the seaports, where it is woven together in rafts.

The wood-cutters are giants of firm health, sinew, and muscle. They live in huts of broken planks, strips of bark, and pine débris, braced against the rocks, and thrive in the pure air even on the dangers and fatigues of their lot. They await the cessation of the October rain, brought by the wind of Spain, to resume suspended labours. On Monday a store of food is brought to them for the week, of maize, which they mix in a wooden bowl, or spread in a cake on a piece of pine to bake in the ashes. Their soup for supper is made of a little water, salt, the leaves of the mallow, and white nettles.

The wood-cutters and shepherds kneel in evening prayers when the bell of some mountain hospice of the vicinity rings the Angelus.

At times such a ripple of animation reaches our Andorran as the passage of a band of smugglers.

These contraband dealers, half French and half Spanish in origin, bronzed and scarred in many skirmishes, are familiar with all the safe hiding-places of the mountains in the unsettled condition of trade and taxes in the locality. They wear the Catalan cap, knee-breeches of tanned sheepskin, leather gaiters, and a profusion of amulets and chaplets suspended around the neck. They guide their pack of mules by well known outlets, traversing the group of Mont Louis obliquely to avoid the posts of Puymorin, and the *Col des Angles.* The journey frequently extends more than twelve hours, in sunshine, or rain, without shelter of any kind for man and beast from the carabines of the custom-house guards. The hardy smugglers trust to their own piercing eyesight and sure hand in moments of danger. Perilous by day, and equally precarious in the torchlight of night, the route over the bleak passes is a waste of dreary, scarped rock and snow-capped peaks, yet the smuggler would scarcely exchange his lot with a prince.

Other guests pass the time of day with the guardian of the Andorra sheep. Robust mountain guides carry money back to the dealers of Carol for mules sold at Poitou, and mutton in Languedoc.

The remote districts of this mountain chain, which form separate spheres to the inhabitants, do not fail to launch the arrow of satire at each other, after the manner of rival cities and nations. The saying is current in the Pyrenees:

"You could go alone with a horse loaded with gold in the valley of Ossan, and your pistols would be useless, but at Aspe twenty pieces of cannon would not suffice to protect you."

The shepherd has a vagrant crew of visitors. These seek shelter in the cabin from the sudden violence of storms in such high altitudes, which tear up and scatter the bushes in the writhing torment of the wind, and sweep in torrents of rain down the acclivities to convert the valleys into lakes, and vanish once more, fleet of foot, on mysterious errands. We may safely assume that the shepherd is as reticent respecting their advent as is his prototype on the paths above Vallombrosa concerning the flight of some marauder of Carrara or Massa on a summer day. These pedestrians are the bandits of the border, the fugitives from justice of towns, and deserters, who readily become Spanish *guerrilleros* in time of war. One of the best defined types is a group of Bohemians flitting across

boundaries, from time to time, to fairs and markets, intent on their own business, as horse dealers. Their black eyes, bronzed features, and crisp hair are shaded by the Spanish *sombrero;* they are shod with sandals, and wrapped in mantles. They carry the great staff of the Pyrenees in the hand.

The descendant of the timid and blond *Cagot* makes his way to the heights, occasionally, on some peaceful and inoffensive errand. The treatment of the *Cagot* by the population of the Pyrenees, as a despised outcast, has been a strange phase of narrow prejudice and the injustice of communities. The fact is calculated to render humanity thoughtful. French historians have found the problem a baffling one. The fair *Cagot*, forming a clan apart, has ever been an object of aversion in Brittany, La Vendée, Auvergne, and the Pyrenees. He has suffered humiliation and oppression from his fellow creatures, apparently unmerited.

The Andorra shepherd is a pensive, even a melancholy, form in the twilight, piping on his rural flageolet, while his charge rests within the enclosure in fleecy security. His environment is majestic. The heavens form a vast dome above his head, and Nature, as a mighty architect, has fashioned

surrounding crags into castles and rude battlements, and strengthened the venerable trees into the columns of her temple. The rhododendron expands crimson flowers on the margin of the glaciers, and furnishes fuel for his fire, together with the wood of the myrtle. The mountain ash spreads a feast for the birds in bunches of red berries, amidst delicate feathery foliage. All around him bloom the juniper, broom, and dwarf willows. At his feet the wild flowers weave a carpet in this realm of golden sunshine, purple mists, and soft south winds. Camomile, tansy, yellow gentian, hellebore, pink and blue hepaticas, ranunculus, arnica with amber petals, the Alpine poppy, the saffron-tinted anemone, digitalis, charlocks with golden disks, bartsies with purple corollas, and the white flowers of the parnassia, mingle their scents with the roses that triumph over all rivals in fragrance. In the month of July the large saxifrage unfolds its blossoms, while the aquatic species flourish in humid spots. The little plants of the higher Alpine flora that bloom for a day, so fragile, yet with strong roots capable of resisting the long winter, and which do not survive transplantation to a milder climate, seem symbolical of the little Republic.

In the Homeric songs, the shepherd rejoices in the silence of night, and the cloudless sky sown with stars. He hears from afar the rush of the mountain stream as it pursues its course, bearing along the trunks of oaks on the turbid waters.

Touched by the wand of twilight, the Andorran is idealized, in turn. The elementary voices of the hills become blended in his melody, the whispering of the brooks, rendered invisible in the gloom, and the perpetual refrain of the fretting wind currents in adjacent *cols,* which sound like the tides of the sea. His own temperament is more emotional, tinged with southern warmth, than that of his comrade of the Alps. The religious sentiment is usually strong in men whose lives are spent in braving the tempests of crags and precipices. His library may consist of a much read copy of the little book: *The true régime and government of shepherds and shepherdesses, composed by the rustic Jehan de Brie, the good shepherd.*

When night falls his flute breathes only of the early pastoral life of the earth, amidst fleeting and half-defined shadows of danger gathering around his fold.

III

A LEAF OF HISTORY

THE Pyrenees form part of a dorsal chain from Tartary and Asia with a final extension southeast and northwest for two hundred and seventy miles. The peaks rise to an elevation of eleven thousand feet, with lower slopes and lateral valleys. The *Maladêta* is the dominating summit of this region of fantastic pinnacles and buttresses, such as *Las Tres, Sorellas, Mont Perdu, Cylindro,* and *Marboré.* The *Pico del Mediodia* and *Canigu* tower above adjacent plains, and appear to be of greater height. The rivers Garonne, Ebro, and Bidassoa flow down the valleys enclosed by lesser spurs and ridges fed from mountain sources. These tributaries, known in France as *Gaves,* and in Spain as *Gabas,* are considered by Humboldt as derived from the Basque word *gav,* a river, or *cavus,* a ravine. The parting of waters north and south forms a natural boundary between the two countries. Andorra is placed in a realm rich in sou-

ANDORRA, CHAPEL OF SAINT CALOMA.

ANDORRA, PASS AND CASCADE DE MOLES.

venirs. The *Pic d'Ossan* and the *Pic de Bigorre* form heights of the horizon; the *Mont Perdu* and the *Maladetta,* furrowed by glaciers, have a sharply serrated outline, and *Canigu* sombre pines. The skirts of the mountains yield a harvest of chestnut, yew, bark, and ilex. Far below on the side of France Perpignan stretches towards the sea in a dry and arid region, with aloes forming hedges for the vines, fields, reeds, which furnish laths for house building, tamarinds, and the low plain of Roussillon extending between the two chains of Pyrenees. On the side of Spain Andorra has a portal of granite in the passes of Roncevaux, *Port de Venasque,* and the Breach of Roland. The *Port d'Embalire* is the actual entrance to the Republic. The rocky ridges of Catalonia slope in the distance, and the grim isolation of Mont Louis and Fonpadrose intervene, clothed with the humblest mosses and lichens to prepare the soil for plants more useful to man.

"History is made up of fragments, yet these fragments can be formed into a mosaic picture which we call the History of the World," said Max Muller.

Once the Celts passed through this territory to

invade Spain, before the advent of the Pelagians in Italy. Time was when the Phœnicians peered about the Pyrenees in search of metals, and taught the nomads the value of agriculture. The Iberians colonized. The Romans christened the range *Montes* and *Salthus Pyrenei.* Under Augustus the four great routes were traced from Lyons north to the Rhine and the German Ocean; northwest by Autun and Sens; southwest to Aquitaine; and last skirting the Rhone and Tarascon to Marseilles. Alans, Goths, and Franks left their traces in successive waves of conquest, overthrowing the Roman world; warriors in narrow tunics, or clad in skins, with the wolf's head for a helmet, armed with bows tipped with bone, and hatchets. The Gauls may have taught here their industries of dyeing and weaving the red cloth of Arras equal to the purple of the Orient, the cloaks and hoods of heavy stuffs with fleeces, called *cucules* of Langres and Saintes, winter raiment for all travellers, or variegated robes named *caracallas.* The Celtiberians peopled these slopes, a tribe wearing shoes laced with fibre filaments, as the Biscayan winds strips of wool about the leg, joined over the *abarca,* a sort of sandal.

The Iberian in early centuries was the most interesting type of the *Midi*. Sober and industrious, he held to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, especially the cultivation of wheat and the working of metals, until pushed into the defiles of the Pyrenees by conquest, even as Toulouse is said to be crushed between France and Spain. The Gaul loved bright hues, while the Iberian wore coarse black raiment and their women added a black veil. These mountain clans ate bread made of acorns three parts of the year. The Iberian drank fermented barley, and the Celtiberians hydromel. The Gascons dwelt on the western crest of the Pyrenees, a people of shepherds, enduring hardships firmly, and resenting the rule of the stranger. In the Fifth Century the Visigoths became established from the Pyrenees to portions of Spain.

In the mysterious scheme of life traces of different traits of nations become blended. Michelet affirms: "The whole is a texture of which the woof is cause and space and the warp is time and thought."

The chain of mountains rise against the sky in apparent immobility, yet the terrible forces of change are ever at work here. When the Lisbon

earthquake occurred the ground opened near Juncalas, houses were overturned at Lourdes, and a mountain and a lake disappeared. On the slopes where the botanist gathers the plants of Sweden and Spain growing side by side, torrents of melting snows flow down, and the sudden roar of an avalanche of rock destroys villages, such as descended on St. Martin and Chaize in 1601. Summits crumble and shift, a hill sometimes separates in a summer, and the débris forms an amphitheatre called an *oule*.

Here flourishes the tiny state of Andorra, nestled between the colossal barriers of the two countries as a space of neutral territory, preserving ideas, customs, language, civil organization, and political and religious liberty nearly intact through all the phases of feudal barbarism, and the crises of revolutions of powerful neighbours. Situated in mountain fastnesses which are inaccessible during a portion of the winter, and out of range of the highway, this simple rustic population has escaped foreign influence to a marked extent. In addition to the geographical position, which secures the state from the intrusion of enemies, Andorra offers the study of a society nearly stationary for

centuries, yet nourished at the roots by a spirit of integrity and freedom. Their probable birthright is suggestive. Who were their ancestors, this group of men planting their standard of liberty on the heights so long ago? Possibly Visigoth, or Gaul; more probably Iberian.

The two peaks of Andorra, the *Punta de Medacourba* and *Pic de la Massane,* are sentinels through the night until the day breaks. The miraculous transitions wrought by the dawn are unnoticed because of their familiarity. From the Mont Perdu the entire mass is outspread in one comprehensive glance, clouds sweeping low over France, while Spain already basks in clear light, and the mighty wall of division, the Cylindre, the Marboré, the *Cirque de Gavarnie,* or the *Col de Néouvielle,* one of the most important of the Pyrenean chain, are gilded by the sun's rays, and the lowlands stretch in the distance to the margin of the sea, veiled in mists.

The concise statement of history is that the sun has thus arisen over the Republic of Andorra for eight hundred years.

The first sunrise for Andorra was when Charlemagne dawned on the mountain world, not dissim-

ilar to the human embodiment of the Sun God. It was the period of romance and chivalry, over which the modern world still likes to dream.

Charles I, King of France, and Emperor of the West, was born at the Castle of Salzburg in Bavaria in 742. He was the son of Pepin le Bref, King of the Franks. The familiar career of Charlemagne embraced a war with the Saxons, which lasted for thirty years; the defeat of Desiderius, King of the Lombards; and being crowned in 774, as ruler of Lombardy, with the iron diadem of Monza. Returning from a campaign in Spain, in 778, he suffered the famous reverse of Roncevaux, sung in verse, and lingering in tradition through all the years. The astute Charlemagne passed on his way to be crowned at Rome, in 800, by Pope Leo III, as Emperor of the West, and his son Pepin, whom he had created King of Italy, died in 810, when he associated his son Louis le Débonnaire with himself in the Empire. Carolus Magnus expired at Aix-la-Chapelle, his capital, in 814. Such was the span of this remarkable man. Statesman, legislator, founder of churches, monasteries, and schools as well as promoter of arts and civilization, his dominions comprised all the region

between the Elbe and the Ebro, extending eastward to Hungary, and south to Calabria. One lifetime did not suffice for the vast schemes of the son of Pepin. He doubtless dreamed of welding together all the elements of his power and ambition into one nation. In the unsettled state of society in the Eighth Century the barbarian hordes struggled to grasp the spoils, on one hand, and the saints of the Church rose to influence on the other. St. Martin of Tours, St. Germain d'Auxerre, Honorat of Marseilles, and Rémy of Rheims were eminent.

Charlemagne was the last of three powerful rulers. His grandfather, Charles Martel, the soldier, and his father, Pepin le Bref, endowed with ability to found a dynasty by conciliating Rome, had prepared the way for this gifted successor. Our interest centres in the great monarch as the benefactor of Andorra. He was the patron of science and literature. From Constantinople he received the Theodosian Code; from the Pope diverse canons; from the Caliphs the first clocks; from the Lombard and Roman artists the organs of church choirs. He surrounded himself with learned men, Alcuin, Theodolf, Leidrade, or Paul

Warnefride, superintending the transcribing of manuscripts, and reforming writing by substituting the Greek and Roman characters for Gothic and Saxon letters. We like to picture him best dwelling by preference on the bank of the Rhine, or the Meuse, illiterate, and a valiant hunter, fond of the forest.

Archbishop Turpin thus portrayed him: "A man of large body and lofty stature, he was seven feet tall; his eyes were so clear that when he frowned they sparkled like carbuncles, the nose was massive, with a hump in the middle, brown hair, face vermilion, kind and gay by temperament. He was of such strength that he could bend three horseshoes of iron at once, and raise a cavalier, armed, in his palm. His sword Joyeuse readily severed a knight in mail."

To our mind he stands clad in linen, with outer garments of marten and otter furs, a blue cloak, and a belt of gold and silver, holding the jewelled sword.

The modest little Republic of Andorra on the heights has this glamour of renown in its foundation as a state, that it belonged to the era of Charlemagne, and whether he was, in sober reality, a small

man, tradition in the Pyrenees must be pardoned for representing him as such a Goliath as the imagination of Archbishop Turpin described him.

The Charlemagne cycle of France belongs to chivalry, as the career of the Cid to Spain, and the Round Table to King Arthur. The bugle note of Roland seems to linger in the defiles of the mountains, echoing through the caverns, and is caught up by the muleteer in human song, even as every wave of the Rhine is believed to murmur some cadence still of the renown of the mighty monarch. Legend, and the narrative of the Chronicler, who told a simple tale to a circle of listeners eager for a story, like the children, have dealt in varied vein with the famous defeat of Roncevaux. The serious modern historian in search of links in the chain of cause and effect gives the facts briefly.

One of the most remarkable phases of invasion that ever startled the solitudes of the Pyrenees was the rush of the Saracen into France from Spain. These fierce and impetuous followers of the Prophet, intent on conquest, had streamed — a flaming meteor of life and colour — across the meadows of the future Republic of Andorra. The Caliphate of the successors of Mahomet had been

established on the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus. Walid subdued Galatia and conquered Africa, while Tharif descended on Spain, defeating the Visigoths in fifteen months. Haroun Al Raschid was contented to reign as patron of poets and scholars at Bagdad, the city of perfumes and roses created by Almanzor, after waging war against the Byzantine Emperor Nicephorus in 804, but such bold commanders as Abdel-Rhaman sought a wider field in Spain, entering Gallic Vasconia with eighty thousand troops. In vain Duke Eudo attempted to dispute the progress of the Moors. He was driven across the Garonne, and dislodged from Bordeaux, where he had taken refuge. The Arabs sacked the town, and, laden with booty, overran Aquitaine, crossed the Loire, and carried fire and sword into Burgundy as far as Autun and Sens. Then it was that Duke Eudo implored the aid of Charles Martel, who, in response, called Frank, Bavarian, Burgundian, Thuringian, and Suabian from beyond the Rhine to his standard to oppose the common foe. Abdel-Rhaman advanced on Poitiers, as every schoolboy knows, and the town closed the gates. He turned to Tours, and the shrine of St. Martin, as the richer spoil, and pitched his tents on the

plain known as the Landes de Charlemagne to meet the Franks. The renowned battle of Tours took place, the struggle in Central Europe of the Crescent and the Cross, embodied in the conflict of the East and the West, Asia and Europe. Abdel-Rhaman was slain while striving to rally the Moslem horse. The Omiadez formed an independent dynasty in Africa, and later in Spain, embellishing the city of Cordova. The Arabs were pressed back beyond the Pyrenees once more, but not subdued. A century after the treachery of Count Julian had opened Spain to the Emirs, the mountain barriers were stormed by an opposing wave of Franks. This army may have received aid from a considerable portion of the population of the districts traversed. Among the Christians of Aragon and Castile were the elements that expelled the Moors from Spain, later, under the banner of the Church.

Andorra was created amidst these brilliant, even glorious scenes of history, which have been interwoven in the songs of the Latin peoples.

Charlemagne, come to full power and ripe age, as grandson of Charles Martel, the Hammer of the Tours battle-field, rallied his forces in the spring-

time to enforce his own authority in Spain, as he had done in Lombardy, Bavaria, Neustria, and Germany. He does not seem to have been moved by more exalted motives of planting the banner of the Church. He came to Provence, besieged Pampeluna, and then Saragossa. The Saracens capitulated, and gave hostages. The land from the Pyrenees to the Ebro submitted to the sway of Charlemagne. Frontiers were defined, and military posts established. The conqueror returned to France laden with the spoils of victory on mules, and in chariots, with Saracen Emirs in his train as prisoners. The host moved in full security, protected by the lancers, through gorges, along the brink of precipices, and skirting peaks, while the cavaliers under the knight Roland brought up the rear guard. King Marsillo of Saragossa had agreed to pay a large sum of gold in ransom, and be baptized. In all the tales of Roncevaux the treachery of Ganelon of Mayence, in his hatred of the sons and nephews of Charlemagne, is ever the same. He whispered in the ear of the Arab monarch to assent to all conditions, and then hang on the skirts of the victorious army returning to France from Valencia. At the same time the Vas-

conians, or Gascons, gazed down from the realm of glaciers on the straggling soldiers of the rear-guard in the valley of Roncevaux. These forced vassals of Charlemagne under Duke Loup, grandson of the Merovingian Hunald, fell on the Paladins, slew Oliver, and wounded Roland, who sounded his magic horn in vain for Charlemagne to turn back. The Gascons are accused of odious treachery. Were these sons of the soil actually traitors? Loup beheld the invasion of the northern soldiers with dread, and allied himself the more readily with the Saracens of Saragossa and Valencia to expell a common foe. He saw his opportunity, swooped down, and routed the rear-guard of brilliant cavaliers. Chivalry has bewailed the cruel deed, and the chieftain Lupus receives no praise for defending his own. Alas! Roland sounded his horn, and hurled his sword Durandal at the rock rather than yield the magical weapon to a foe, and severed the hillside in the breach visible to this day.

Then Charlemagne returned to rescue the corpse of his nephew, which was embalmed with aloes, balsam, and myrrh, while the camp was lighted with funeral torches.

Such is the mournful record of the death of Roland.

The chaste Alda, spouse of the knight, waited and watched at Paris, where she dwelt with her three hundred women. These maids were clad and shod alike, and ate at the same table. One hundred of the household spun gold thread, one hundred wove precious stuffs, and one hundred sought to divert their fair mistress by playing on sweet musical instruments. It is on record that the Lady Alda fell asleep in the midst of these soothing ministrations, and dreamed of an eagle soaring forth from the recesses of the mountains to pounce on a hawk flying below. Lo! The messengers were already on the road with tidings of the defeat of Roncevaux.

In all Spain the lament of the death of Roland is sung in castle, manor, and market-place, from Alava, Murcia, and Badajoz to Valencia, by the *romanceros* of Castile, on the Rambla of Barcelona, and the Scagna of Andalusia. The Basque chants of the triumph of his ancestors over Charlemagne in that song of great antiquity, the *Attabiçaren Cantua,* in which the Vasconian chief, awakened by his dog, hears in his hut on the lofty

Ibaneta the murmur of a great host moving through the valleys and passes. He gives the alarm to his people with the note of the bull's horn, echoing from hill to hill, sharpens his arrows, and prepares to roll down stones on the invaders.

Andorra was founded without making any noise in the world. A handful of mountaineers must have formed the resolution to create a republic. One would like to see the portrait of the first citizen, the Washington who formulated the scheme of such an organization. No doubt he has a place in the hearts and grateful memory of the Andorrans to this day. Charlemagne accorded them a charter of prerogative in recompense of services rendered him in the Spanish campaign. We may infer that if the little Republic essayed to model its institutions on the Charlemagne code, certain capitularies of the great monarch were better adapted to the requirements of a pastoral commonwealth than others. That notable first capitulary, which has descended to posterity through the years as a sample of civil rights to be compared with the Codes of Theodosius and Justinian, can scarcely have failed to be studied with respect and awe by tiny Andorra. The document bears the date of

the year 769, and runs as follows: "Charles, by the Grace of God, King of the Franks, devout defender of Holy Church, and support of the Apostolic Chair."

Pious exhortations to priests and laymen on all matters of confession were here mingled with injunctions as to clerical taking up of arms, hunting in forests, and keeping dogs and falcons. Penal regulations of counts, vassals, and serfs were duly set forth, while taxes and toll rates were evidently onerous on all classes and provinces then as well as in the Twentieth Century.

These capitularies became vast and varied in the reign of Charlemagne, and evinced prudence and sagacity. He displayed a bustling activity in regulating the veriest minutiae of government. The Visigoth Forum Judicum was a complicated code of laws, to the number of six hundred, arranged in twelve volumes, wherein every act and function of life was regulated for state and citizen.

Charlemagne ordained that the castle and country estate should supply the town house from farm, forest, brewery, bakery, flour-mill, and dairy with beer, mead, cheese, and sausages, and the produce of field, orchard, fish-pond, and garden. Furriers,

tailors, tanners, saddlers, shoemakers, and seamstresses received their rules, as well as dyers, masons, and carpenters. Laws concerning agriculture and commerce were more practicable for Andorra, while the admonitions to ecclesiastics not to raise the price of grain, oats, rye, and barley suggest modern speculations in wheat. Did Andorra have instruction as to the curing of bacon, the preparation of vinegar, salt, mustard, or hydromel as more applicable to its resources than all the etiquette of regal banquets, and the amount of Rhine wine to be served with a platter of venison? The packs of hounds, Scotch, Danish, German, or Swedish, to be kept in state forests, did not concern this miniature stronghold of freedom, nor the gifts of wax to serfs at Christmas and on the day of St. André. The Carlovingian zeal was great in the matter of stables for swine, the protection of aquatic birds, pigeons, and partridges, the fostering of kids and goats, even the uses to be made of surplus pullets and eggs. Eight hundred capitularies, named De Villis, developed the comprehensive imperial solicitude, from the purple of the Cæsars, the luxury of the courtiers in wearing furs, and the silks of the Orient, and adopting

furniture of ivory, to the agriculture of the Gauls, the mode of Roman villa settlements, and Arab cultivation.

Charlemagne supervised the conscience of humanity as well as mundane affairs in rates, tithes, and the produce of farms and orchards throughout his vast domains. Nestorian doctrines prevailed. The monk Gottschalk openly opposed predestinarianism. Then it was that the Bishop of Urgel, Felix, became imbued with heterodox views on the spiritual nature of the Son of God, and interpreted, in a restrained sense, the symbol of Nicea. How curious the picture! Felix was summoned to appear at the Council of Ratisbon, where he knelt timidly before Charlemagne and the bishops sitting in judgment on his delinquencies.

Charlemagne questioned him severely:

"Felix! Dost thou retract what thou hast written? Explain thy doctrines."

Then Felix, still quaking, expounded his own theories of the Incarnation, which inspired horror in all listeners.

Charlemagne said:

"This is very bad. Go thou to Rome, and be reconciled to the Pope."

Felix obeyed, knelt before Adrian I, and retracted.

Did the handful of Andorrans, scheming to found a home at that date, also tremble over the audacity of Felix, Bishop of Urgel? Did the heresy of the Iconoclasts smite the liliputian Republic? Later, the three currents of schism that overwhelmed Toulouse in 1167, Manicheism, Averroism, and the Vaudois teachings must have imbued Andorra to a certain extent. The errors of Bishop Felix were felt, for if the state inherited the right of existence from Charlemagne, according to feudal tradition, with the tax still known as the *droit Carlovingian,* Louis le Débonnaire, after two campaigns against the Moors, gave a portion of the taxes to Sisebus, Bishop of Urgel, and to his successors in the episcopal see, to rebuild and decorate the Cathedral of Urgel, previously injured by the Saracens. Louis le Débonnaire made a vow that the tax should be paid to the Bishop of Urgel.

To-day the town of Urgel rises beyond the sombre woods and heights of the frontier. The church which has had so large a part in the affairs of Andorra presents a massive aspect, with heavy, gilt ornamentation, and pictures of Purgatory. The

men occupy benches, and the women kneel in the centre while the mass goes on, all as if Felix, the bishop, had not sinned so long ago in the matter of forming opinions of his own. Safe theological paths may be followed by modern prelates, as marked out for them by higher authority, according to the code of Matthew Arnold of our resting comfortably on the straw of our old opinions about new theories, yet it does occur, occasionally, in all countries and centuries, that a mortal fulfils the affirmation of Carlyle: "No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, can ever compel the soul of man to believe or disbelieve."

It is, also, on record that at a much later date a celebrated Trappist raised discord in the See of Urgel, appearing in the robe of a Capuchin, with a cross of white wool sewed on the breast, and carrying a rosary and a sabre together.

A Saxon poet gives the charming picture of Charlemagne riding forth to the chase followed by his family. First came Queen Luitgarde in purple draperies, and wearing a golden diadem on her head. The three sons between whom he divided his possessions, Charles, Pepin, and Louis, followed. Then appeared the group of blooming

daughters, who proved headstrong in their day, Bertha, Gisela, Adelaide, Rotrude, Hildred, and Theodrade, their tresses intertwined with amethysts, veils floating about them, and their silk mantles fastened with jewelled agrafes. These ladies in such wondrous attire for the hunting field must have been discreet spectators, at a safe distance, while Charlemagne and his retinue pressed forward, with the dogs, to seek the boar, as modern kings are fond of doing.

Is the fierce and bristling brute of a wild pig rendered more conceited than other game by the attention received from princely sportsmen in all the centuries, whether in the forest of Ardennes, or amidst the marshy sedge of the Maremma? Surely if the boar has kept any sort of record in the traditions of family of the piglings, in his own fashion, the memories must be notable of the brilliant train of knights he has ever had the fascinating power to lure to his haunts, intent on catching a glimpse of tusk and flaming eye.

Voltaire gives the year 843 as the date when the Franks were first known as the French.

One of the notable events of the Ninth Century was Charlemagne's repairing, in 811, of the light-

house, first erected in the reign of Caligula, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, which was the passage to Britain of the Romans.

The rights of Andorra were confirmed by Louis le Débonnaire.

The campaign of Charlemagne in Spain had not confirmed possession of the Peninsula, or subdued the Saracen. He sent his son, Louis le Débonnaire, to represent him in further disturbances of the south, acting as his lieutenant. Louis acquitted himself of the duties confided to him in a creditable manner. As King of Aquitaine, he left his fair domains of Saintonge, Agenois, and Poitou to march on Spain more than once. The Pyrenees had been ravaged by the Arabs under Hakam, who slew the fathers, and took the Christian children for slaves in Moorish palaces. This flow of contrasting currents of races through the gorges of the hills affords a curious and suggestive study of religions to the philosopher. The creed of one's neighbour has many points of view. The Moslem leaders, as adherents of the Prophet, wished to fall on the infidel like a two-edged sword, according to an Arab historian, while the Church was equally desirous of converting and baptizing the Moslems,

whom they looked upon as miscreants. A modern Chinese queries as to how Celestial missionaries, intent on spreading the wisdom of Confucius, would be received in Europe. The Yellow Peril would acquire still another phase.

Louis le Débonnaire mingled much in the early history of Spain. The Visigoths gave some feeble aid to the Franks occasionally, and had joined Charlemagne in combatting the Moors, but later these elements became distrustful of his military establishment on the Ebro. The Gascons remembered the defeat of Roncevaux, and were never tranquil under the suzerainty of Louis. The chieftain Loup died, but his two sons, Adalric and Lupus Sanche, proved equally insubordinate. The rude chevaliers of the Asturias, Castile, and Navarre were another type, while the Franks held the Pyrenees. In 800 Louis stormed Barcelona, devastated Lérida, and in Huesca ravaged the fields of ripening grain. He subsequently besieged Cordova, and again attacked Barcelona, which resisted to the most extreme limit of suffering famine and violence, and capitulated in 801, after having been in the possession of the Saracens for ninety years. Louis purified the mosques, converting them into

churches. He dutifully sent gifts to his father of the booty, horses, richly caparisoned, cuirasses, ornamented helmets, and scimetars. Louis convoked an assembly in 801 as to relations of government with the Gascons. The latter continued turbulent until 815, when he held another Assembly General, in which a revolt of the race was announced. Resolved to chasten rebellion, he went to Dax, overran the surrounding country, then passed through the most difficult defiles of the Pyrenees. In this journey he is reputed to have regulated the affairs of the inhabitants, and granted charters.

Was this the auspicious moment when the first Andorran, the Washington, bent the knee before the ruler, and obtained confirmation of those rights of foundation for the little Republic which gained for the prince the title of Lieutenant of Charlemagne on the Loire and in the Pyrenees? Louis had built fortified towers and cities on the Ebro. His capitularies were numerous, and marked by an administrative spirit. He endeavoured to regulate the affairs of Spain. A chart exists addressed by Louis le Débonnaire to the people of Merida in Estremadura, long oppressed by the cruelties of Abd-Abrahman, and of his father Aboulaz, taking

them under his protection. His hand was too feeble to grasp and wield the mighty sceptre of Charlemagne. The decadence and dismemberment of the Empire resulted.

Andorra stood. Evidently the tiny state has never been surrounded by a high Chinese wall. Enemies must have abounded on all sides, whether bold Gascons, hostile to all Carlovingian favour, or stealthy Saracen, intent on enslaving and destroying. Each mountain retreat of the Pyrenees has been compared to a separate little world, where the natives hold their own ideas and customs.

Andorra gazed down on the gloom of the Tenth Century, when men's minds were darkened by the prevailing misery of famine, portents to the superstitious, and dread that the end of the world was approaching. The hymn belongs to the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries. The grave and sonorous Gregorian chant rose in the churches of Rome, Milan, and Ravenna. Anarchy prevailed from 890 to 960 as a result of the Norman power. Charlemagne had not been dead fifty years when the fairs were interrupted, and all the highways of commerce rendered unsafe by bands of lawless soldiers and robbers. The Northmen, or Scandinavians, devastated

Brittany, and even sailed on the Loire and the Seine to besiege Paris. Wolves came up to the walls of towns. The people clad themselves in the rough wool made in the monasteries, and used the rudest agricultural implements. As countries lapsed back to a wilderness, the most pleasing feature of monasticism is revealed in the monks working at looms, ranged the length of their dormitories, to weave the stuff given to the poor. Hermits penetrated forest depths, built chapels, and acquired the halo of miraculous legends by braving the perils of wild beasts.

The pendulum of time swung with steady, resistless beat. Deepest significance of passing events must have been brought to Andorra as something more than the mere writing of history by chronicling the birth and death of kings, or the battles waged by great soldiers, to the exclusion of the every-day life and thought of communities.

Athens and Florence might serve as imperishable models of states, but the former was overshadowed by Macedonia, and the latter long menaced by Austria.

Aragon, known as a mountain district, at the foot of the Pyrenees, was created a separate kingdom

in 1035. Navarre was tossed between Spain and France like a shuttlecock. The date of Barcelona becoming an independent countship is uncertain.

Andorra resembled those village settlements still existing in portions of Spain, the Asturias and Galicia, founded on land abandoned by the Moors, in many cases, situated amidst the vines, figs, and olives of the valleys and the hills, like Arab fortresses. Here the peasant proprietors have scutcheons of nobility above the doors of dilapidated mansions, and dwell surrounded by barnyards, oxen, and fowls, with the household linen hung to dry on wooden balconies, and the black bread of the farm is a daily fare, varied by the cake of *festas,* made with honey and sugar. Differences of race, dress, and usage are perceptible, and almost complete in hamlets separated by a brook of two metres width. The *comunidad* (colony) of plebeians became rich in Castile in the Thirteenth Century, and comprised the three elements, the people, the nobility, and the prelates.

Andorra may have been even more closely fashioned on those seignorial domains of Leon, the now rare *pueblo de señorio,* with the settlement,

church, houses, fields, pasturage for village cattle, woods where the communal swine are acorn-fed, governed by a mayor, paying taxes in a tribute of grain and live stock, bound to assist each other in disaster, and receiving a weekly visit from the doctor of several parishes, paying him in wheat for his bread, and barley for his horse.

The Spaniard esteemed swine as a delicacy because abhorred by the Moor, hence, possibly, the renown of the *Jambons vermeils* of the Duke of Arcos, the *chorizo,* the piquant *embuchados,* akin to the *Bologna Mortadella,* the sweet hams of Alpujarras hung in the snow. The ladies of Madrid eat cakes made of acorns, the original diet of the Iberians, such as the wife of Sancho Panza sent, as a gift, to the Duchess of St. Anthony.

Practical little Andorra must have remained deaf to the voice of the charmer in the world below, kindled to the enthusiasm of the Crusades by the songs of the Troubadours. Robert de Nogent, Raymond d'Agiles, Guillaume de Tyr might tune their lyres in vain, to incite a desire to visit the cities of Greece and Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Palestine. The recitations of Villehardouin de Joinville, which marked the transition from the

Chronicle to the Memoir, and have been compared to the rich design of painted glass, left Andorra cold. Did the melodies of Thibaut, Count de Champagne, the ideal Troubadour of Queen Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis, ever woo the sober Republic on the height?

We can safely assume that Andorra refused to don armour, and sally forth on the first Crusade of 1096; the second of 1147; the third of 1189; the fourth of 1195; the fifth of 1198; the sixth of 1227; the seventh of 1250; the eighth of 1270. It would seem improbable that the children of Andorra joined in the boy Crusade, when thirty thousand children perished on the road to the Holy Land.

On the boundary of France the little Republic was under the suzerainty of the famous race of the Counts de Foix, yet remained not dazzled by the example of these brilliant lords of the soil. The house of Foix dates from the Tenth Century. In turn these nobles were vassals of the Counts of Toulouse and Barcelona. The stamp of the strong individuality of the race was impressed on Andorra. Roger waged war on the Crusaders under De Montfort, when they invaded the County of

Foix, and was excommunicated by the Pope. He died in 1241. Gaston II succeeded his father in 1315, and rendered important services to the King of France in the war with the English in 1337. Again the famous hunter Gaston III, Vicomte de Béarn, born in 1331, was a brave, violent, and magnificent representative of chivalry. During the revolt of La Jacquerie in 1358, he assisted in the rescue of the Dauphin. Gaston IV was Minister of Charles VII. The great Gaston, Duke de Nemours, born in 1489, Commander of the French army in Italy against the Spaniards, was killed after the victory of Ravenna.

Careless youth at Andorra on the height doubtless caught the refrain in summer hours of the ancient rhymes of Audefroi, le Bâtard, Pierre de Dreux, Count of Bretagne, Jean de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, or Charles d'Orleans. The heresy of the Albigenses was spread in the south by the Troubadours and the Hebrews. Several members of the House of Foix embraced the new religion. Chivalry was an effort to attain peace, the *trève de Dieu* after wars, such time as the monks dreamed of illuminating missals over their looms weaving rough wool. The splendour of the East began to

ANDORRA THE ANCIENT, INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

be emulated in Europe in the erection of great churches.

Did the booming note of cannon, first heard on the banks of the Salado, near Tarifa, in the battle of the King of Aragon with the Moors, startle Andorra? The bombards used in the siege of Quesnoy at the same date cannot have disturbed this pastoral folk.

If the plague of 1348, which ravaged Asia, Greece, Italy, Germany, and France, also touched the wee state, in the pure, mountain air, at least it was not decimated to annihilation. War between France and England, begun at Crécy and Poitiers in 1337, did not move Andorra.

The sun of succeeding centuries rose over the little Republic. The span of great events in the outside world left it unshaken. The battle of Agincourt took place in 1413. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain occurred in 1482. The discovery of America by Columbus was made in 1492, and the opening of the route around the Cape of Good Hope in the reign of Francis I.

Andorra reminds one of the toy dog that accosts the huge mastiff without fear, and often with shrill, if friendly, barking. The mastiff, in the pride of

size and strength, is evidently astonished at so much pluck in such a diminutive creature.

"I will not harm you," the mastiff responds benevolently, in canine parlance. "Live out your little day in your own fashion."

France is the mastiff, and magnanimity has ever been manifested in a sympathetic and possibly humourous way to the tiny commonwealth. Halévy composed the sprightly and charming operetta of the *Val d'Andorre,* bringing the scene of the mountain fastness on the stage with picturesque effect.

The features of a son of Helvetia brighten involuntarily at the mention of Andorra. The same sentiment inspired both with respect for the infinitely little.

Fair Queen Isabella and her crafty lord, Ferdinand, left Andorra unmolested. Charles V, striving to found an empire scarcely less vast than that of Charlemagne, did not crush it on the highway to the Netherlands and Italy. Philip II, weaving his web of subtle power, like a spider in the Escurial, cast no entangling thread about this modest neighbour.

Surely Louis XI smiled in a cynical fashion if he was ever required to contemplate Andorra, peer-

ing forth from the brim of his famous cap, adorned with sacred medals, himself one of the most curious figures of history, who had no childhood, but reproduced exactly his grandmother, a cunning old woman, Yolande de Bar and Aragon. He spared Andorra.

Henry IV was the mastiff in humanity tolerating the little Republic with good humour.

Did some leaflets of printed publications flutter forth from the press of Faust and Gutenberg as far as Andorra, after 1572? We do not consider the citizens as a lettered folk.

Louis XIV drove in a state carriage, a huge vehicle of wood and leather, with nails visible, big wheels, and curtains of Genoa velvet. He uttered his celebrated fiat: "Let there be no more Pyrenees." He might have set his foot of a despot, shod in the high-heeled shoe, on Andorra, thus destroying all landmarks for ever. He refrained, and passed on his way to St. Jean de Luz to marry Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV, King of Spain, with attendant court dames in farthingales, dwarfs in rich attire, pages, and halberdiers. The mountain barrier did not fall at his bidding, and Andorra endures.

The day has dawned on the hills of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. When the French Revolution burst like a flood over the lowlands, Andorra was a Noah's Ark, safe on the summit of Mount Ararat. Youth stirred the blood of the elders by singing the Marseillaise, composed by one Rouget de L'Isle. Napoleon Bonaparte repeated, after eight centuries, the Carlovingian era with the same results. He established Prefects on the Elbe; created Dukes of Dalmatia and Istria; had Kings of Bavaria and Saxony for vassals; and appointed a young viceroy in Italy. Charlemagne was crowned with the iron diadem of Monza by the Pope, and Napoleon placed the insignia on his own head.

Andorra has watched, as a spectator, the Carlist War of Spain of 1833, and the great contest of France and Germany of 1870.

The leaf of history of this portion of Europe has the slender thread of a brave little community maintaining freedom to live apart in the pattern.

IV

CITIZENS OF ANDORRA

THE Syndic, or President of the Republic, represents the highest authority of state. We picture him as an old man of benevolent aspect, clad in a long redingote of the cloth of the country, woollen stockings, and heavy shoes. He has laboured all day on his own land, planting and reaping. He has fulfilled all the requirements of a good example. The Eastern proverb enjoins:

"*In the morning sow thy seed*
And until the evening let not thy hand repose."

This rural President in the summer hours quits his home, and walks through the narrow, roughly paved streets of *Andorre-la-Vieille,* where the neighbours gather about their doors at evening, or occupy their time with various useful crafts. The women gossip at the public fountain.

He seeks the Town Hall to indulge in an hour

of solitary meditation. This municipal building of Andorra should inspire all republicans with sympathy and interest. In this semi-fortified edifice the members of the government have met from a remote date. He enters the fine mediæval portal, and the chamber of council, where he takes his armchair at the head of the table, around which are ranged the empty chairs of his absent colleagues. Twenty-four black robes, and the three-cornered beaver hats of the Councillors are suspended on pegs on the wall. From the casements of this apartment he commands a fine prospect of the valley outspread, as it were, for his own placid contemplation. We do not consider the Syndic in the aspect of being warned of the lapse of time in his reveries by a prosaic clock, or even a stem-winding chronometer in his own pocket. Assuredly the hour-glass of early centuries stands on the table before him, and he adjusts it afresh for the noiseless drip of the sand grains which mark a limit to his meditations. He believes that true philosophy is the basis of all magistracy. He cherishes his own ideal of a republic. Men have ever dreamed of the little state of Pallas Athene as appertaining to universal civilization. In practical routine he is

disposed to apply the rules of Plato to Andorra, thus:

The citizens should be one a husbandman, another a builder, and a third a weaver. A market-place and an established coinage are essential to the prosperity of the commonwealth. The swine-herds and hired labourers, who work amidst the sheaves in summer, must be clad and shod in winter, and fed on barley meal, wheat loaves, and cakes baked over a fire of leaves and stubble. Such luxury may be permitted the more prosperous members of the community as furnishes the equivalent of Plato's classical modes of existence, when the master and his children reposed on couches strewn with myrtle and smilax, drinking wine, and singing to the gods. The servants should be wisely supplied with cheese, olives, salt, bulbous roots and pot-herbs, figs, beans, and peas, and may toast beech-nuts and myrtle berries at the fire. Life thus passing peacefully in good health, all will die at a ripe old age.

The President, seated in his arm-chair, with the hour-glass at his elbow, is fully aware of the dignity of his position. He resembles the Justicia of Aragon, the high functionary of solemn impor-

tance. Still adhering to the model of Plato's Republic, he recognizes himself as chosen guardian of the state among the men least hurtful to it. He has been elected as a character in all respects suitable, composed in demeanour, well known in childhood and manhood, capable of leading headstrong youth, like colts, amidst untoward noise and tumult, while trying the moral qualities of maturity in the flame of a universal probity. For the rest, all in the state are truly brethren, forming a society of work and distributive justice, mutual respect, hospitality, even prepared for some sacrifice in abnegation of personal property when necessary. The President (Syndic) has faith that golden virtues must govern, with the auxiliary silver of the farmer, and the iron and brass of the craftsman. He muses on the past within the limits of his sphere. In the reign of Saturn mankind lived on an equality, according to the laws of Nature. Oddly enough, the thoughts of the President revert to the period of a magnificent despotism. Charlemagne would seem to have been dead only a few years.

Surely if he made a pilgrimage of unwonted travel to any shrine, it must be Aix-la-Chapelle, to gaze respectfully at the sceptre and chair of this

early benefactor, or a missal of Louis le Débonnaire, in antique letters, purple or violet, on fine parchment, bronzed by the centuries. How swiftly succeed one another the generations of aristocracies, monarchies, revolutions! He is prudent amidst the innovations of modern life. The mighty bastions that shield Andorra have ever checked the ambition of princes. During his term of office our Syndic is wary with strangers, and aware that the inns of the small Republic are not made too comfortable, as inducing a prolonged sojourn. He has not smoothed the roads leading over grassy slopes, and among rough boulders to the Republic, highways well-nigh impassable in winter. He possesses the reticence characteristic of his race. There is a Catalan proverb in use over the border:

"Que fa l'Andorra?"

This sarcasm of insignificance might be rendered: "What is Andorra doing?"

The President's policy is to remain neutral to the quarrels of his neighbours. The echoes of the great outside world are very remote from that council chamber of the ancient hotel de ville. Andorra has ever thus listened to the reverberation of European dissensions, possibly with naïve curiosity,

as borne faintly to the attentive ear through the defiles. Changes of dynasties and the battles of empire scarcely touch the simple population of shepherds and husbandmen. He ponders on all the perplexing revolutions wrought by progress. The astonishing inventions aided by steam, electricity, and chemistry reach him. Youth may go forth from this sheepfold in quest of knowledge. He prefers the tranquillity of well earned repose. New ideas are often fatal. Andorra adheres to the rule of most mountaineers, and holds aloof, when it is possible, from what is new and strange. Railways have penetrated Spain from France, one over the pass of the Bidassoa at the western end of the range of the Pyrenees, and another over the Col de Pertus on the shore of the Mediterranean. Has he not heard of boring a tunnel through the Central Pyrenees to connect the Pau-Oléron line with the Huesca Canfranc? Will wonders ever cease? The startling innovation of the telegraph required true diplomatic skill to maintain amicable relations with his protectors. The French government assumed the responsibility of opening a service in the tiny state without consulting the Bishop of Urgel. The latter made an indignant protest in the Spanish

journals. The prelate felt himself to be insulted, as suzerain, and the influence of France encroaching. He has availed himself of those measures of retaliation which often form a conspicuous feature of modern diplomacy with powerful nations, and demands exorbitant duties on products from Andorra, brought into Spain, to punish the General Council. How will telegraphy and electricity end? Troubles gather even about the wee commonwealth. Has the future many hidden snares and perils ready to cripple independence? Restless speculators are the wolves that prowl around this peaceful nook. The Syndic is the shepherd who must vigilantly watch for such bold depredators. As the Visigoths chose a chief, the President of Andorra has been elected by the voice of the people. In 1880 a *Société Anonyme des Etablissements du Val d'Andorre* at Paris, the perfidious Lutece of Julian the Apostate, attempted to found within the boundaries of the Republic a Casino for gambling. The Bishop of Urgel is reputed to have favoured the scheme, while France opposed it, and triumphed. The Syndic makes a fresh panegyric, in his own mind, of the heroes of the French Revolution, and the staunch probity of the

states of Rome and Sparta. The ways of the ancestors were best. He believes in the creed: "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set."

The sands of the hour-glass have ebbed, and the shadows deepen in the council chamber. The worthy chief magistrate slowly wends his way homeward. Oh, young generation, do not smile at his quaint personality and old-fashioned prejudices. He has the right to deprecate many features of more ambitious civilization. The prison of Andorra, a building described by a recent traveller as resembling a broken poultry house, is usually empty.

The President seeks his own roof, the lights of the town are extinguished, one by one, and the mountains grow sombre in the encroaching darkness.

The grandmother sits near the fire knitting, on a winter day, when frost and snow have cut off Andorra from the world. She is the head of a prosperous family, and her age has earned her a place in the chimney-corner, instead of longer sharing the work of the other women.

The hamlet of stone châlets set amidst the stern

surroundings of the scenery of the Pyrenees has this central grange, a patriarchal hold with an enclosed yard and stables. A niche in the wall holds a wooden statue of the Madonna, decked with flowers. The groups of men, reapers and shepherds, with their dogs and lowing cattle, doff their hats, respectfully, in passing the shrine. The hall, or living-room, has windows with small, semi-transparent panes; the walls are blackened with smoke, and adorned with pictures of the saints. The table is spread in the middle of the floor, flanked by benches, with jugs of wine, and wooden cups, salt pork, fresh cheese, and earthenware dishes of the *galette de maïs,* which forms the chief nourishment of the mountaineers.

A few years earlier the grandfather, with white hair and beard, occupied the arm-chair on the other side of the fire of pine logs. He has been gathered to the tomb, full of honours, as a member of the Council of Andorra and belonging to a family boasting of having received affranchisement from Charlemagne for giving aid against the Moors.

The grandmother is a hale and vigorous type, with a keen physiognomy. At an earlier date she

would have been twirling a distaff busily, such as the matrons and young girls usually carried in the belt of their aprons. Now her stiffened fingers guide the knitting-needles as she meditates on the past. The grandmother is neither witch nor sorceress, and is devout in all respects, with the aid of mass, confessional, and rosary, yet the handmaidens and the children find a fearful charm in the weird tales and superstitions of which she has a goodly store.

The old woman knows all about the towers on the peaks of Montaguel and Bédeillac, so ancient that the period of erection is lost in antiquity. She can describe the mill of evil fame down near Ariège, where dwelt a sorcerer in the Nineteenth Century in the company of frogs and snakes, who invoked the devil to produce disaster on the land. The Evil One accorded the wizard a choice of wind, hail, and rain. The latter gave the preference to wind, and was carried away himself, together with the mill.

The grandmother is familiar with the castle ruins on the Spanish boundary, built centuries ago by the Moors, and now tenanted only by wailing spirits. She speaks of the caverns and grottoes,

where bold peasants seek rabbits at night; only they run the risk of being bewitched by invisible powers on such nocturnal excursions. She whispers to the maids, nodding her head, that no less a person than Robert d'Artois had the wax images of his enemies made by a witch in order to stick a needle in the heart. Is there some trait of paganism latent in the grandmother's nature, inherited from her nomad ancestors? Would she, in sleep, sacrifice to the Gallic gods; hold festivals before the open door at the full moon; kindle bonfires on the mountain tops on the first of May? No doubt she believes in the magical virtues of certain plants. She plucks the samphire from the soil, without looking, and casts it into the drinking-trough of the cattle to preserve them from maladies. She has gathered other herbs and roots, such as hazel, thorn, and vervain, in their season, with suitable ceremonies, firmly believing in their virtues.

When the grandmother dies her descendants will find a curious collection of cupboard treasures which possesses as whimsical a value to the rustic mind as did the contents of her casket of wooden mosaic, with hinges of gilded silver, to Anne of Bretagne. History carefully notes the articles col-

lected in that box by the queen, languishing in her Château of Amboise, overlooking the Loire. These consisted of a rock crystal, pierced for the insertion of relics; a chaplet of twelve Paternosters in jasper and chalcedony strung on silk; a ball of amber set in silver gilt; the wallet of a pilgrim saint; black wax in a bag of cloth-of-gold; and a case of cramoisy velvet, containing a fossil serpent's tongue. History will take no such trouble with the grandmother's amulets, consisting of a spray of mistletoe that grew on the oak-tree, as symbolical of life; an amber talisman with a legend of a miracle appertaining to it; a Pelagian shell, a fossil ammonite, found in the Pyrenees, as well as in the Indian Ocean; and the serpent's egg, a fossil sea-egg which was carried for luck by warriors in the time when the Franks took oaths on the tombs of saints. In that day, also, disputes concerning property were settled by filling a sack with earth, the twigs still growing in the soil, giving it to a judge under seal, and then fighting a duel with the bag placed on the ground between, the victorious swordsman winning the cause.

The grandmother sits in her arm-chair, and knits on the winter day, while the snow makes fresh

barriers on every pass and rocky ledge between Andorra and the outside world.

The citizen upholds the edifice of state by his courage, integrity, and probity. How else would Andorra have endured as a republic for eight centuries, instead of falling apart like loose sand grains, disintegrated by dissensions and jealousy? He is the master, father, husband, the guide of youth, and the support of old age, awaiting the summons of death with the budding promise of the springtime, or the falling leaf of autumn. On public occasions he can dress like a French cattle dealer, and wear a French hat instead of the usual Spanish *sombrero*. In the Republic he fills posts of responsibility, such as member of the Sovereign Council, or bailiff, in addition to attending to his own property, whether in mines, agriculture, or flocks.

He deals with the foreign markets of Spain, on occasion, and frequents the fairs of the towns of the Department of Ariège in France. He visits Tarbes, where the Béarnais, in white blouses and blue caps, come to sell their linen and *mouchoirs* to the people of the valleys, who barter, in exchange, their wool, iron, wood, and cattle. The display

is tempting of kids, sheep, salted meats, cheese, wheat, coarse woollen stuffs, and the modest iron-ware prized by the mountaineer. The women return to their châlets at evening, singing a sort of *Ranz des Vaches* in the rhyme of their favourite poet, Despourreins.

The plateau of the Port de Puy-Morent, the profound valley of the Ariège, and the clustering ranges of the mountains of Foix are familiar to the citizen. The peasants of Ariège, in vest, jacket, and gaiters of brown wool, and violet cap, resembling the Catalan head-covering, hold much intercourse of trade with him. These neighbours plough on rough slopes, with the aid of the cow, making terraces and walls bare of trees, yet productive of wine and grain. The vines are frequently planted in heaps of stones, cleared away from the fields. The women kneel amidst the growing ranks of buckwheat, scraping each root with an iron tool. They subsist on wheat flour, milk, and potatoes, and sell the harvest of rye.

The citizen deals with Ax and Ussat, the chief commerce of the towns being with Spain and Andorra. Haunt of the modern invalid during the summer months, these mineral springs, bursting

from numerous sources, like a boiling kettle, were known to the Romans. Practical humanity at Ax makes wisest use of the bounties of Nature thus: the poor cook their soup and vegetables, and wash their linen in the hot fluid, and even the bakers use the waters in making bread.

Did the ancestors of the citizen venture further afield in past centuries, and travel to those famous fairs of Gaul and Italy which were the precursors of modern commerce, as we seek a World's Exhibition? Time was when Queen Brunehaut established the first fairs and markets. Pope Gregory II wrote her a letter of remonstrance for her impious toleration of a traffic in slaves. Even in the Ninth Century servitude was not less onerous than in Sparta and Rome. Hence the notable example of Andorra striving to create a state, however modest in proportions, where all men were free.

Paris had a daily market of the fine stuffs of Asia and Greece in the quarter of Saint-André-des-Arts. Laws of anchorage for the river craft, rights of safety and the boarding of vessels, as well as the turnpike toll of bridges, were fully established in those days. We wonder if the early republicans of Andorra ever mingled with those strangers in

the intercourse of trade, the Scandinavian and Slav of the far North, bringing the produce of mines, the German and Pole furs, the Hebrew, by the route of Marseilles, myrrh, incense, and the fabrics of Syria and Egypt. At these gatherings the merchants of Neustria and Armorica sold honey and madder; those of Provence olive oil; and the dealers of Orleans, Bordeaux and Dijon wines, wax, tallow, and pitch.

The citizen represents the type of fortitude which belongs essentially to the mountaineer.

The thrilling tale is told of a *Miquelet,* who was entrusted with despatches of importance to take to Ax in the war of Spanish independence. The day was one of fog and snow on the heights. Descending the Col to Hospitalet, the messenger observed the confused footsteps of wayfarers who had lost the path. These footprints were directed towards a *comarque,* which he knew terminated in a *cul-de-sac* of rocks without issue. Cold and weary himself, he turned aside from the temptation of warmth and shelter at Hospitalet to save these unknown brothers. Half an hour of search brought him to Combe d'Elzevine, where he discovered five men freezing to death. They belonged to the Na-

tional Guard of Aude, and were about to join their troop in the Valley of Carol. The mountaineer, perceiving their peril, fell upon the first soldier with abuse, pommelled him, and aroused him from stupor by shouting: "*Coquin!*" Rascal.

Military blood stirred at the insult, even in the lethargy preceding insensibility, and the party was ultimately saved. The sequel is not less characteristic of a brave people. The soldiers met the *Miquelet* the following season in his usual profession of smuggler, and carrying a load of chocolate. Enemies in every sense of the term, they embraced, and the smuggler was given a fête by the entire town. He made a good affair of the chocolate.

Had an Andorran been either rescuer or rescued, on that winter day, would he not have shown the same courage, self-sacrifice, and responsive gratitude?

The citizen is seen at the best advantage as host beneath his own roof on some occasion of public festivity.

Autumn may have waxed golden in Andalusia and Portugal, while on the French slopes the smiling Goddess of Plenty has heaped her gifts on the

Pyrenean farms, with sleek cows feeding in the adjacent pasture, a spring of water near at hand, ricks of brown straw, vines trained along the walls, red peppers drying in the sun on the balustrade of the balcony, and ears of maize strung under the eaves.

The citizen has invited a goodly company to his hearth. The master's voice, in jovial song, has encouraged public labours. The young people have celebrated a sort of *Fête de la Gerbe* by tying a sheaf to the post, adorned with flowers, to be dragged loose, in lively contention, by the farm folk. Even for Andorra some ancient song of the harvesters may ring out: "Fasten the heaps, ye binders of sheaves, lest any one passing call out, 'Worthless clown! You earn no part of your wages.'"

The refrain, led by the master, should be: "Demeter, granter of fruits, many sheaves vouchsafe to the corn-field."

He further admonishes, the soil being chary: "Let every sheaf that the sickle has cut be turned to the north wind, or to the west exposed, for so will corn grow fatter. Ye who of wheat are threshers beware how ye slumber at mid-day. Then is

the chaff from the stalk of the wheat most easily parted."

A certain relenting of severity is discernible in the next verse:

"Reapers, to labour begin, as soon as the lark upriseth. And when he sleeps, leave off, yet rest when the sun overpowers."

The hospitality of the citizen brings together all classes known in Andorra. The preparations for the feast have gone on for days with characteristic vivacity. The house is open to all comers. The court and stable are filled with fresh straw and fodder for the horses and mules. A shed, thatched, and with pine-beams, has been adapted to the uses of banquet hall and dancing. The workers have moved about amidst the smoke of meats roasting, the boar turned before a large wood fire, the sheep, fowls, and geese seething in huge cauldrons, and the piles of wheat bread.

The host salutes all in the common living-room, or *salle,* of the mansion, where a separate board is spread for dignitaries, with French china, and some display of silver. He proffers a glass of the vintage of Roussillon to each guest. The most notable are the functionaries of the Republic, and

the *Viguiers* of France and Spain, in uniforms embroidered heavily, and wearing swords, as alone entitled to the honour. All classes are represented, smugglers on their good behaviour, as merchants, miners, shepherds, the Aragonese *sombrero,* the red caps of Andorra, the pointed bonnets of the mountaineers, and the Andalusian sandals mingling together. Such hardy guests have arrived with an accompaniment of calls and shouting, echoing through the mountain gorges. Soon the assembled company is in the full enjoyment of the hour. The matrons gossip together, and the maidens coquet with gallants much beribboned in their national costumes. A long table has been adjusted in the shed under the vault, which is adorned with garlands of oak leaves. A rustic orchestra of fiddlers is placed in a convenient position. A game of ninepins, an especial favourite with the mountain folk, is played by the young men. Does Andorra, also, cherish the ancient game of tennis? Spain has a passion for betting on the pastime. Emigrants from the Pyrenees went to South America, carrying customs, language, and sports of the mother country. Spaniards of Castile and Andalusia went, in turn, to Lima, Santiago, Buenos Ayres, and Rio

de Janeiro, and brought tennis home to Europe once more. Is it like the famous *pallone* of Florence, when blood waxes hot over the wagers in the Cascine?

As night deepens the revelry increases, and the dancers are merry. Surely the flexible grace of movement of Spain, and the nimble dexterity of the Basque must belong to the Andorran in some measure. The citizen host moves about smiling and contented. His share of the great harvest field of life is sufficient.

He may be said to amply fulfil the boast of Horace. He has a chaste wife and good children, who pile the wood on the hearth, and draw the year's wine from the cask in honour of his return, in a welcome better than Lucrine oysters, turbot, scar, turkey, Asiatic wild-fowl, olives, sorrel of the meadows, and mallows.

The matron looks abroad on life from a safe and tranquil nook. She is an old-fashioned type of womanhood. She would not wish to be otherwise. Her costume is made of stuff in the national colours of Andorra, red and green. She adds a white veil on occasions of ceremony. She is mistress, mother, and nurse, conversant with the pharma-

copœia of domestic medicines and *tisanes*. In addition, she is capable of giving practical aid in accidents, by tradition of experience inherited from the grandmother in the chimney-corner, and without instruction from Red Cross, or St. John's Ambulance Societies. She is worthy of such praise as Tacitus bestowed on the Germanic women, that while the men went forth to war, to hunt, and to cultivate the earth, the wives were to be trusted to guard the hearthstone at home, prepare the domestic nourishment, spin, and weave. The matron of Andorra fulfils this character. Otherwise how has the tiny Republic stood for eight centuries?

Madame Guizot once said: "Each age has its pleasures, *esprit*, and customs. In the Golden Age I believe that the women did not know how to read or write."

Doubtless the matron is not wholly unlettered, yet her education must be limited. Possibly some untutored gift of poetizing, or song, brightened her own youth, as the mountain rill sparkles in the sunshine, escaped in dancing motion and life from the glacier. Her existence represents sober routine of daily task and household responsibility. She has visited the market-place of Toulouse, on occasion,

where plums, peaches, nectarines, and green olives are heaped with the melons of Grenada and Valencia, or the Muscat grapes of Malaga and Alicante.

The towers of Foix, built of whitish marble of a coarse grain, are familiar to her.

She has prayed in the church of St. Volusien, as she has attended mass in the town of Urgel. A pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Compostella was the event of her maidenhood. Her travels have not extended further on an average. Patroness of the poultry yard, like all thrifty housewives, ambition may lead her to foster bees, as well, in emulation of the famous honey of Narbonne, and the method of taking the hives, at certain seasons, to the meadows, gardens, and mountain slopes of the lower Pyrenees for the change of flower diet, which imparts perfume and aromatic flavour to the golden combs. We picture the worthy woman, in leisure moments, tending a bit of garden blooming with the flowers commended by that amazing despot Charlemagne. If the matron is not especially interested in the fact that all the kings of Italy and Germany boasted of descent from the great Charles, as did the Spartans from

the King of Macedonia, Alenades of Thessaly, and the Bacchides of Corinth from Hercules, her nature is responsive to the royal fiat to sow lilies, roses, rue, sage, cresses, the chick-peas of Italy, rosemary, lettuce, mint, poppies, aniseed, and marshmallows, as well as onions, radishes, cabbages, big beans, peas of Mauritania, apples, cherries, and chestnuts. The most characteristic trait is Charlemagne's expressed approval of the sunflower, and the flaring disk gladdens the matron in her garden patch still. She knows some of the medicinal plants mentioned by Pliny, and the traditions of marvellous cures dating from the time of chivalry. Like the noble dames of castle and château a modicum of the drugs, balms, and unguents of Syria may have found their way to her careful keeping from the traffic of the great fairs. Are we to further infer that notable aristocratic example has led her to experiment in the dainty preparation of *confitures sèches,* in which France ever excels? Does the fragrance of the prune of Agen reach her as well as the enlightened world of two hemispheres? Is she tempted to preserve the berry of the wild eglantine once prized by English housewives? Her busy fingers must have plied

ANDORRA, CHAPEL OF SAINT JOAN DE CASSELLAS.

SQUARE, ANDORRA THE ANCIENT.

distaff, spindle, and wheel for domestic uses through all the generations since the foundations of the Republic were laid. An inherent feminine skill and taste may have rendered her an adept in such work elsewhere as the farthingales, leather gloves, embroidered and perfumed, stocking knitting in black silk, with clocks of gold and silver thread, and garments curiously wrought, trimmed with lace of the Medicean and Elizabethan era. Queen Bess approved of the

> "*Tissue gowns,*
> *Garters and roses, fourscore pounds a piece,*
> *Embroider'd stockings, cut work smocks and shirts.*"

At least the matron imitates the patterns of her sisters of Bagnères, who knit caps, scarves, mittens, and *couvre-pieds,* with the aid of long needles of ebony, or boxwood, in winter.

One wonders what this mother in Israel thinks of certain heroines of history who have played their part during the centuries, while she gazes down from her home among the peaks, weaving her thread of domestic industry in peaceful, monotonous routine of days. Some distant gleam of col-

our of brilliant, passionate, and perilous lives, some passing, intoxicating perfume of folly and pleasure must have reached her ear, and fed her imagination, as Charlemagne's favourite flowers bloom in her garden nook, and are swept away by the wind.

It is impossible that the matron of Andorra did not know of those noble daughters of the race of Foix, Catherine, great-grandmother of Henry IV, born in 1470, Queen of Navarre, daughter and heiress of Gaston de Foix and Madeleine of France, married to Jean d'Albret in 1484, to whom she brought Navarre as a dowry; or Germaine de Foix, born in 1488, Queen of Aragon, married to Ferdinand V of Castile and Aragon. Did Joan of Arc move the matron to fervour of patriotic enthusiasm as she rode into battle, clad in shining mail, with her standard carried high, and her admirable motto free to all to adopt: *"Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera."* Is it not more probable that she viewed the Maid of Orleans distrustfully as a rash and ill-regulated young person? The generation viewed her coldly. Alas! she was classed by worthy Thomas Fuller with the Witch of Endor, and branded even in fair fame by Shakespeare. It is to be feared that our

matron shook her head over such escapades as a girl leading an army in siege and battle, and accepted the heroic, beautiful soul only as "the Sorceress of Orlean."

In reveries the Andorran tending Charlemagne's favourite flowers, with the sun shining on the disks of gold, the satiny sheen and pearly lustre of the lilies, roses, and poppies, may behold, instead, on the terraces of the château, St. Clothilde in a robe of white wool, and the heliotrope mantle of the princesses of her century; Queen Philippa of Hainault in black velvet; court dames wearing turbans of gauze, studded with gems, draperies of green velvet opening over petticoats of brocade, like the personages of ancient tapestries; the superb Eleanore of Austria clad in Genoa velvet, an apron of gold cloth, girdle of jewels, and enormous ruff; or Catherine de Medici in her costume of royal widow of satin and pointed cap, with an attendant train of beauty in feathers, girdles, and slashed sleeves, Mary Stuart of the number. What was the opinion of the rustic woman of Agnes Sorel, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and the Pompadour? She may see among the flowers charming Margaret of Navarre journeying to Flanders in a litter, with cush-

ions of pink Spanish velvet, and keeping one of the earliest lady journals of travel en route. Ah! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Full of peril, baseness, neglect, jealousy, and every phase of human wretchedness was the lot of these fragile great dames. Better an equality, as between brother and sister, in the tiny commonwealth on the height. The matron sets before all these fleeting visions the stern presence of the Gallic woman of primitive times in her robe of white, with a brown peplum, who was ready to sacrifice her blond tresses to make cords for the warriors of her people.

Youth is supple and vigorous at Andorra. He is attired in a red undervest, with an outer waistcoat of green cloth, Spanish buttons of wrought copper, and buttonholes worked with red, a tightly drawn belt in the Louis XIII style, a long, red cap, large gaiters of leather which leave visible the *espartenyas* held by red ribbons crossed over the instep. He is the

"*Fougueux enfant des monts, qui voit sur ses rivages*
De modestes hameaux, de riches paturages,
Des rochers menaçans levant jusques aux cieux
Leurs sapins, leurs glaciers, et leurs sourcilleux."

Occasionally a Lucifer falls from his sphere, emigrates across seas, or loses his personal identity in the great capitals of the world, but the chances are that youth will marry, inherit the homestead of his father, the citizen, in due course of time, and even reap the full honours of his grandfather, the President, as a member of the Republic of Andorra. It is to be hoped he realizes all the requirements of Plato's state, is silent in the presence of his elders, and shows suitable reverence for parents. Education may have been more liberal with him than in the case of preceding generations, as the young men frequently seek the universities of Barcelona and Toulouse.

All the world is kin.

The son going forth to school, or college, ever recalls Messire Jacques de Lalain, who, when the Duke of Cleves visited the Château of Lalain in Hainault and proposed to take him as page, was made ready by his edifying parents, Messire Guillaume de Lalain, and the Dame de Buiguecourt, his wife, with suitable habiliments, servants, and horses, a gentleman to attend him, and a clerk, well instructed, in order that he should not forget his Latin. He was led apart into a closed chamber,

and exhorted with many excellent precepts. He was to avoid the sins of pride, anger, avarice, idleness, luxury, and gluttony. If the equipment of the youth of Andorra is far more modest in homespun raiment, to seek instruction at Toulouse, paternal advice is assuredly equally sound.

As the youth matures under his own vine and fig-tree he probably lapses wholly into the local vernacular, which is a mixture of Catalan and French. The idioms of centuries must be familiar to him in intercourse with his neighbours. The perplexing problem of humanity failing to adopt a common language is fully exemplified in the nooks and byways of the Pyrenees. Under the Emperor Honorius Gaul had schools in thirteen provinces. Rome mingled with the Franks, in time, in Gallic and Druidical lore, the chants of ancestors of the Germans in the traditions of the North, while classical authors, Cicero, Virgil, and Lucretius, were studied, and the papyrus of Greece and Rome deciphered and recited at Lyons, Bordeaux, and Paris. Grammatical disputes took place at Sens and Arles, and the Narbonne poets arose. The four most ancient languages of Europe, Cimbric, Teutonic,

Erse, and Slavonic, lead philologists to a Scytho-Celtic tongue as a common source.

Our youth of Andorra, in modern phrase, seeks Toulouse or Barcelona for education, even as Latin was once the medium of remote provinces, the Romans tolerating a Gallic idiom, a Celtic language as a sort of dialect until the Latin lost its original purity. A neat penmanship may be the pride of youth, such as succeeded the Roman characters, and the Merovingian charts and monograms in writing badly traced, long, and with many abbreviations. If he resembles the most recreant Anglo-Saxon schoolboy, in aversion to text-books, he can scarcely have failed to smile, with the conceit of adolescence, at the science of the old world when Andorra was founded. The Church exacted certain astronomical studies in the regulation of her festivals by phases of the moon, and calendars of Christmas and Easter, with curious designs of the Zodiac, were printed at Rome. Otherwise the study of the stars was a reminiscence of the schools of Alexandria, while mathematics barely existed. Counting was universally adopted in the Roman manner, and Gallic modes of measurement were employed. In the Middle Ages the language spoken or under-

stood by all of Southern Europe was Romaine, Limosine, or Provençal. Two phases of literature resulted, Romance and Romaine, daughter of Latin, altered by the use of different peoples, perfected by the Troubadours of Guienne, Aquitaine, and Provence, and became further mingled with Gothic, Spanish and Moorish. In turn the South carried the lyric poetry of Languedoc as far as Sicily. Dialects have not melted into a common language. The *patois* of Roussillon is full of Spanish terms. The Bearnais and Languedocian speech are popular, and the idioms of the Pyrenees bear traces of Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, Alain, Goth, Frank, and Saracen. The Basques, alone, keep their ancient language intact, with the abundance of vowels which give euphony, denoting the influence of the *Midi,* and great richness of grammatical forms. Romaine mingled with Italian in Piedmont, French in Provence, Spanish in Languedoc, thus forming Piedmontese, Provençal, and Languedocian, and is affirmed to have become pure Catalan.

The old archiepiscopal town of Auch, on the border-land between Spain and France, has three languages spoken, and a dozen *patois,* French, Spanish, Basque, the Langue d'oc, the Langue d'or, the

Gascon, the Provençal, and the tongue of Andorra.

Youth at Andorra turns to the great volume of Nature ever outspread before him in every instinct of freedom. In his mountain cradle he early develops into a hunter. The izard's horns, and the head of the white eagle, nailed to the wall in the homestead, are trophies of his prowess, as well as the rug made of the skin of the brown bear. He has tracked the wild goat, now rare in France, on the Spanish border. The haunts among the rocks of the wood pigeons are familiar to him, as well as of the crows. Trout are sought by him in cool streams amidst the precipices and forests in the Segre of Carol, Mont Louis, Porte Pic-Pedrons, and of Carlitte, as dominating the sources of Aude and Ariège. He has seen the red snow at the period of melting, attributed by De Saussure to the dust of plants, and by Ramond to the mica of rocks.

He has visited a true Winter Palace in the Ice Cavern of the amphitheatre of Gavarnie, with a vaulted roof of crystal masses, and a cascade of dissolving snow flowing through, veiled in a dim atmosphere of semi-translucent light. How often he has slaked his thirst at the cradle of the River

Garonne in the central buttresses of the Cylindre and the Marboré, a little cavity protected by adjacent rocks! The baby stream, limpid and pure, steals forth with a low murmur, scarcely bending the grass, or moving the sand, to sweep onward towards Royau, and face the sea, where St. Louis of quaint memory, built his beacon tower with the horn that sounded night and day to warn the ships.

Youth pauses at the Hermitage, built near this source, with the monk in charge, whose duty it is to refresh the wayfarer with trout, rough wine, and the good chocolate of the frontier. Doubtless he has entered the Grotto of Bédeillac, where the bones of Roland are supposed to be treasured, a shrine with the stalactites forming ghostly processions of Capuchins, columns, an organ, *bénitiers,* and a confessional, all grouped around a bishop's chair.

The influence of the age of chivalry lingers in these solitudes. If the young Andorran rests near the gigantic wall of austere mountains, forming the Breach of Roland, he dreams of a favourite version of the Carlovingian legend in harmony with his own years.

Charlemagne returned from a boar hunt in the

forest of Ardennes one day, fatigued, and seated himself at table with the twelve Peers of France, and Alcuin, Abbot of Cluny. Now, as everybody knows, Charlemagne, like all great heroes, was abstemious, or indifferent to the temptations of the table. He partook of only four dishes, preferring the roast of the chase. He drank little. After supper the emperor leaned his head on the back of his arm-chair, and had his goblet filled with hypocras. He was no longer young, and the palace chimney corner began to have attractions for him.

Then it was that Alcuin, the learned, proposed to divert the company by reading aloud his own Dialogue on Rhetoric. Roland yawned until the foundations of the mansion trembled, and the armour hung on the walls knocked and jostled together. Charlemagne frowned at such a lack of good manners on the part of his nephew. He seized his golden sceptre, and prepared to strike the culprit, whereupon Roland nimbly drew his famous sword Durandal, and severed the sceptre, which was like a young oak, in two halves. After this act of impertinence he naturally withdrew to seek fame and fortune elsewhere.

The wise Alcuin resumed his reading aloud, while

the Peers of France bent their noses into their plates, and slept. Only the traitor Ganelon, Count of Mayence, looked on wakeful and vigilant.

The magic wand of Fancy touches the Andorran youth, and he beholds the Knight Roland, mounted on his steed Bride d'Or, one of those horses of Charlemagne from Bavaria, or the Rhine, deemed superior in mettle, and the faithful companion of a hero, his helmet surmounted by the Gallic cock of old France, riding forth through the Pyrenees, prepared to clap the first crown that fell in his way on his own head, and to salute only the good God, and the ladies. Surely juvenile republicans can repeat the rhyme:

"*D'Angers le noble comte,*
Botté, monte à cheval,
Il tire Durandal,
Que personne n'affronte."

Full play of imagination has youth to thread the flashing gems of incident, like beads on a string. Marvellous adventures were those of the Gallic cock wending along through the Pyrenees, of the rescue of the beautiful princess of Granada, Corisande, from the tents of the robbers in the forest,

on her way to seek protection of Charlemagne, of the rivalry of the seductive Queen Doralice, and much subsequent dalliance on Persian carpets and silk cushions in Moorish palaces, eating sorbets with these sirens. One is concerned as to the fate of *la bella esposa Dona Alda,* awaiting the return of her liege lord at Paris, surrounded by her three hundred women. What prodigies of valour were performed by the Christian knight in these veracious traditions! He entered the presence of the Emir of Toledo at Saragossa. He flung a bronze tripod at the head of the Sultan of Bagdad; challenged whole armies and cities of the infidel; spitted the sons of the King of Portugal on his lance, like larks, until such time as he was joined by Oliver and Archbishop Turpin, zealous to convert and baptize the heathen, and returned to Charlemagne at Valencia, with the result of meeting death in this very defile of Roncevaux at the hand of the dark and glowering Spaniard Don Bernardo de Carpio, a sworn foe. Are the echoes of Roland's hunting-horn for ever silenced by time among the crags and bastions of the Spanish frontier? Youth sounds a prolonged note of his own bugle, then prepares to seek the boundaries of Andorra once more.

Canillo is the first village of the Republic, and then comes Franiquee, whose little lake is the principal source of the Ariège.

The comradeship of years takes him into picturesque Spanish hamlets, near the custom-house guards, and keepers of sanitary cordons of the highest peaks, and among troops of Spanish muleteers, dry, nervous, with their chests bronzed by the sun, wearing red caps and sashes, and sandals attached in the ancient manner. He meets soldiers on the routes, with cloth bags slung over the shoulders containing shoes and baggage. Possibly he sees a political fugitive like El Rey Matta Florida, as described by Monsieur Thiers in 1840, in shabby grey redingote, with a few attendants, and the archives of the Regency in three or four boxes.

Again a Spanish curé salutes him, tall and thin, mounted on a mule, accompanied by a guide, *un criado,* with his valises. Hunger of a vigorous constitution occasionally makes him keep strange company with the sinister and suspicious guests of wayside *cabarets,* over the bad wine of La Conque, soup, oat-cake, ham, or *trufas,* with rancid nuts. He even knows the inn where the hostess prepares garlic, oil, and peppers, and the breast of a kid,

served with chopped vegetables, while all gather near the fire of resinous branches.

The Andorran must be fairly equable in temperament, or the prison of the Republic would not be usually untenanted. Blinding gusts of human passion do sweep through these regions, as when, the villages of Aulus and Laspeires cherishing a mutual hatred, the shepherds of one commune slew a man of the other. The friends of the victim sought the murderers at night through the hills with lanterns and torches. The gay and gallant Basque people are reproached with cherishing such vindictive family feuds that scarcely a festival ever occurs without the stab of a poignard.

Maidenhood blooms at Andorra as the wheatfields of the lower Pyrenees acquire delicate, emerald green hues in the early spring, and the apple and cherry trees mingle their white blossoms with the rosy sprays of the peach. Life is radiant with sweet promises. Maidenhood is demure and tractable. If she is the daughter of prosperous parents her costume is blended of red and green. She wears on her head a coif of green cloth over a cap of tulle, gathered at the temples, a red spencer, an ample green skirt, and red stockings. Her arms

are bare to the elbow, and her chemisette is coquettishly adjusted.

If the girl was born to a humbler rank she serves on the farms, and washes the household linen at the square tank of the public fountain. She wears a white drapery, folded in four plaits, on her hair for occasions of ceremony.

In either case she varies the daily tasks that fall to her share by working on her own store of marriage napery, for such an auspicious day as when she will quit her present sphere as a bride.

She muses on the careers of other maidens in her own fashion. Over the border on one side groups of Spanish girls carry provisions to the wood-cutters at Las Bordes, and the hospice of Artigue, or of Déline, by the forests where the pine-trees are cut, and the belladonna grows.

Down on the French slopes sister maidens, wearing scarlet hoods, black bodices, white vests, and gold crosses attached to the neck, sell nosegays of wild flowers to the strangers who frequent the baths, or dance to the melody of the shepherd's pipe, and a tambourine, an instrument of three strings, struck with a stick.

The Andorra damsel escapes from domestic

thraldom, when emotions of hope, fear, and latent jealousy in the choice of a mate render her restive, to vow a candle on the church altar, or deck with fresh flowers one of the roadside shrines, surmounted by iron crosses, beaten in the forges of the commonwealth. She prays in the twilight. The petition turns on the selection of a suitor. Oh, that the farmer's stalwart son really loves her! Oh, that the neighbour over the way should prefer her to all the laughing girls at the town fountain!

In the near future she beholds a roseate vision, as she plies her needle, of herself in brave array of velvet and silk for the nuptial rites. She waits in her home for the other women to seek and lead her forth. A beadle, with a silver-tipped stick, advances from the church to announce that the priest is ready to perform the ceremony. Then the cortège of women form, with the bride in the midst, preceded by the Syndic, and the two *Viguiers* of France and Spain, the parents, the other functionaries of state, and the musicians, while the crowd of citizens follow. The church bells ring, and the mountaineers utter shouts, and discharge their firearms. At the limit of the long file of guests the bridegroom attends her coming.

Babies have been born at Andorra through all the centuries, and welcomed as warmly as other tiny strangers of the lowlands. The rite of baptism must have been promptly bestowed on these little Christians, for society had scarcely emerged from barbarism when the ceremony took a great hold even on adults as a powerful agent of religion. The baptistery at the side of the church was an early feature of architecture. The Andorrans deprived of the christening in the first days of tender existence would wander as lost souls, wraiths in white garments, about the hills, should an early death claim them.

When Louis le Débonnaire was taken in his cradle from the Meuse to the Loire, created Duke of Aquitaine, and dressed in armour, with a weapon placed in his hand, by nurses and attendants, other babies opened their eyes on a strange world at Andorra. These juvenile republicans were destined to be indebted to the royal infant for confirming privileges of state, accorded them by his august father Charlemagne. Assuredly the young plebeians, untrammelled by more than the usual swaddling-clothes of existence, had the best of it.

Charles Orlando, son of Charles VIII of France,

the funny little man whose portrait shows a head all too big for his body, was a fine child, according to De Commines, audacious in speech, nor did he fear those things at which children are usually intimidated. His light was abruptly extinguished at the age of three years.

May not the shrewd and observant boys of Andorra, during the same century, have astonished their proud parents by their precocious prattle?

The cradle of Henry IV, fashioned of tortoise-shell, is still to be seen at the Château of Pau, by a public always in sympathy, in some sort, with the generous King of Navarre.

Did not the Andorrans of his epoch, who owed him a lack of molestation, slumber as soundly in their rustic nest, crooned over and shielded by maternal love?

The Spanish priest holds a school, here and there, throughout the Republic. Enviable sunshine and fresh air are the portion of the small Andorran. Nature is the great schoolmistress of this kindergarten, and Nurse Gloaming puts the scholars to bed with the birds on the heights. The children strive to catch the butterflies with outstretched hands, *le souci*, and the little pearl-coloured stran-

ger, once seen by Ramond, blown by the wind, to the frozen solitude of the Mont Perdu. Have they not peeped fearfully into the cavities of the great rock bastions, where the Moors are reputed to have buried treasures of gold and jewels when they traversed the Pyrenees? They know the path to the Grotto de Gourzy, where dwell the fairies that make gold (*de las Hadas monederas*). As for bogies, such as make one afraid in the dark, the grandmother can tell tales that might have scared Prince Charles Orlando out of his little wits, provided his three years could have grasped their meaning. One should not venture too far into forest nooks in search of strawberries, or other fruits, because of shapes that lurk in the shadow, wolves, bears, and wild creatures, like the girl captured by shepherds in the woods of Itseaux, and taken to the hospice of Manléon, in the Seventeenth Century. This waif never spoke, ate herbage, and soon died in captivity. She was believed to have been a child lost in the snow several years earlier. Ah! There is also a savage man, like the hairy *Ainu*, or a species of frightful bear, who chases the lambs, and has never been caught by the hunters.

Thus has the pulse of life beaten through the

years in the mystery of human birth, and the wooden cradles of the little republicans have rocked on the mountain heights, while the royal babes have been lulled in the cradles of tortoise-shell, lined with silk and down, in palaces of the plains.

The miner may be deemed the humblest member of the fraternity of the Republic. He is swarthy and bronzed, with black hair, and sturdy muscles. He wears a suit of brown cloth at the holiday gatherings, when the shepherds are clad in garments striped red and green, decked with ribbons. If the Andorra miner possesses the ordinary qualities of the soul of man, Nature must appeal to him strongly in the varied phases amidst which he labours and dwells. Ambition and the sharp discontent of indolence do not belong to him, or he would quit his native sphere. He resembles the Egyptian Nilot, who lives as his most remote ancestor did before him, hour by hour, sowing, irrigating, and ploughing, earning no more than is necessary for daily need. He fights his way to reach his post over rough mountain slopes ravaged by avalanches, braving an icy climate in desolate spots amidst sterile peaks, and gropes through gorges obscured by fogs, as well as sudden mist of snow, or hail,

up past the last outlying hamlet of the Republic, with its parish church, and the enclosing masses of greyish-red rock, and belts of oak and cork trees to the margin of pines. The principal iron mines and forges, which are sufficiently primitive to suggest the first Iberian modes of smelting, are situated on the ridges below the Pic de la Ferrère. Fuel is scarce, and carried on the back of mules.

The Andorra miner has represented before him Job's illustration of the incalculable riches of the rocks, and the ability of man to take iron out of the earth, and make molten brass of the stones, to break open a shaft away from where men sojourn, to seek the place of sapphires, and the dust of gold.

> "He overturneth the mountains by the roots,
> He cutteth out passages among the rocks,
> And his eye seeth every precious thing."

All about our miner are quarries of granite and marble, left since the time of the Romans and Gauls, crystals of tourmaline, asbestos, violet schorl, thallite, prehnite, stilbite, black and red garnets. Even grains of the precious metal are found in the River Ariège above Foix, but all works have long been abandoned. The gold veins were reputed richest

near Crampagnon, the borders of the plain of Bénagues, the banks of the brooks of Perriet, Riaux, and Trébaut, just enough of glint and sparkle of the dust to set humanity dreaming of the riches of the New World. The republican may fraternize with his comrades of the Pyrenean range at the forges of Roquefort at Filhols, at the base of the Canigou, or the mines of Vic-de-Sos. He may have traversed the road of Tourmalet, constructed by order of Madame de Maintenon for the little Duke de Maine to reach the baths of Barèges. No doubt he has gazed at the enormous blocks of richly coloured marbles of Campan, of which Louis XIV built the Grand Trianon, and Henry IV largely patronized until France capriciously turned to Italy for the precious store of Carrara and Lombardy. Some poetic fibre must stir the soul of the miner at his toil. He beholds, beneath the granite, schist, and calcareous stone, seamed with copper, iron, and lead of the mountains, the wealth stored by the great magician Nature, awaiting the stroke of his hammer and pickaxe for some dazzling revelation.

The patron of the honest miner and forge worker is St. Eloy.

Now to the Protestant mind of the writer St. Eloy is one of the most curious and charming figures of history, as the embodiment of youthful virtue, artistic talent, and marvellous industry. If this edifying saint sheds a light of imagination on the Andorran, as he delves in the depths of the earth, like the rays of a church lamp, his personality must serve as a halo enlivening dull labour. Born near Limoges, of the Roman race, he studied ancient bas-reliefs, evinced aptitude in working metals, wrought chasubles, and coined money, until chosen by King Dagobert I, because of his skill, to design a chair or throne of gold for the monarch.

St. Eloy was a splendid presence at court, handsome in youthful grace, his shirt of fine linen, embroidered with gold thread, his tunic and dalmatic of silk tissues, set with precious stones, his sleeves studded with diamonds and emeralds, bracelets on his wrists, a girdle of admirable gems that shone as the sun. Withal a useful and worthy saint of humble folk, as well, who bought and freed slaves with all the money he could save. Pigmy blacksmiths shoe horses, in his honour, in the carved relief at the base of his statue in the niche of the church of Or San Michele at Florence.

The miner works for the Republic, and the ore wrested from the hills is carried down to the channels of commerce, in exchange of trade for the grain requisite for the cold winter.

The very lowliest slave of state trots on four legs, and is the mule. If ever a worthy beast had reason to cherish conceit and vanity in his heart it is the Andorran mule. How would the Republic exist without the ceaseless and indefatigable aid of the modest quadruped? How would the various settlements of the Pyrenees thrive, and isolated portions of Spain, without the animal? As a strange trait of human ingratitude, abuse and misunderstanding of all sorts fall to the portion of this drudge.

"As obstinate as a mule," is proverbial with all races. He staggers and falls beneath a heavy pack on a steep path, and refuses to continue the journey, under the combined beating and urging of a cruel taskmaster, until the burthen is lightened. He is accused of indulging in untoward caprices, at times, such as choosing his own way despite remonstrances, and even of lying down and rolling about at a giddy height, especially when ridden by timid womankind on an excursion. All depends on the

point of view. Is the mule actuated by sheer stupidity, or merely a firmness of disposition in knowing his own mind? Verily the nerves and temper of man and animal are not always to be depended upon. The mule may rise with an aching back and head, in a crabbed mood, after a long tramp on the previous day, like his betters, and decline to do otherwise than sidle along, after his own fashion. Does vertigo rob him of courage on the frailest bridge? Has he not frequently sought shelter in the hospices of the different '*cols*,' built as asylums for the poor traveller of both countries, where on a winter night fire, food, and rest may be secured, with a stable at one end, a common room, with a large chimney, at the other, and a garret overhead, filled with hay, as a dormitory. From a mulish standpoint he exacts only a little chopped straw and hay, by way of food, is sociable when in a good humour, displays a prudent and intelligent reasoning capacity, and is soberly industrious. Such is the meritorious side of the mule character. Fortunately those the most dependent on the services of the animal are usually attached to the faithful friend of the family at home, and comrade of solitary hours on distant routes.

The most grim and tragic aspects of life, like the storms of mountain regions, have picturesque features among southern races. We behold the mule sharing the common danger, with dilated nostril and ear alert, when the smugglers of 1810 lead one hundred of the animals, in file, with torches to Aspe, with the defiance that the laws of Paris are not enforced at Oleron. How readily the good creature joins in the prevailing gaiety of a holiday, when decked with finery of gay embroidered trappings on the saddle, red tassels and bells on the head, and a plaque in the middle of the forehead, with the image of a favourite saint designed on it! What cajolery and petting he receives, thus adorned! His experience must be considerable, gleaned on the stern passes once used by nearly forgotten races. Fancy the mule exchanging confidences with some aged horse of the Iberian stock, all about soldiers, and fugitives, and brigands, in times of war and peace, while sheltered for the night at an hostlery, even as the human company, consisting of women, wrapped in their mantillas, monks, muleteers, or merchants, warm themselves at the hearth, where an entire tree seems to be burning.

The mule wastes no opinions on the silly cows met on such pasturage as the slopes of Cansore on the flanks of the Maladetta. These are ever prone to curiosity, but are seized with a panic at the sight of an unfamiliar object, and make a stampede. The sheep are only woolly-brained. One should salute the highly intelligent goat, whether domesticated, or alert on the crags.

The humblest servant of Andorra, the mule, upholds the foundations by soberly trotting on endless pilgrimages for the public weal. Now the worthy beast carries fuel to the mines, and ore away from the forges, and again makes distant excursions to the market towns of France and Spanish villages.

Andorra has stood intact through the centuries, and still teaches the lesson of courage and integrity in our day. The vast empire schemed for by Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V, and Philip II has shrunk to Spain and a few colonies. The monarchy of Louis XI and Louis XIV is a great republic.

We are on the threshold of a new era in the world's history. Who can doubt that the key-note of human evolution will be republicanism? The very air pulses with liberty and equality, and the

tides of the great sea of life surge upward in ceaseless movement of unrest and attainment. Republics expand in the full light of the present, but we must not forget the ancient cradles of freedom.

"I recall a miniature republic lost in a corner of the Pyrenees," said Napoleon Bonaparte.

Andorra may recall him, in turn, hero, conqueror, and soldier, now a handful of dust.

If the soul is the divine element in man, a people possesses the inspiring element as well.

SAN MARINO

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SAN MARINO, GENERAL VIEW.

I

AN INTAGLIO

THE traveller in Italy of the present time, who pauses on the shores of the Adriatic at the shallow, sand-choked harbour of Rimini, and looks inland at the mountain barrier of the Apennines rising on the horizon, may discern three towers on a height.

These towers crown San Marino, one of the smallest and most famous republics in Europe. In addition the tiny state is the sole example of liberty firmly sustained through centuries in Italy.

Situated two hundred and twenty-five kilometers north of Rome, and eighty-five to the eastward of Florence, San Marino has for environment the ancient provinces of Etruria and Umbria. The cities of Urbino and Pesaro lie to the south, and Forli on the opposite boundary. The population averages some 7816 souls, and the boast of the little commonwealth is that the inhabitants com-

prise no mendicants. The Republic has several villages scattered about the slopes of Mont Titan, on which it is built, Fiorentino, Casole, Teglio, Domagnano, San Giovanni, Acquaviva, Caliunga, Montecucco, Cacentino, and Valdragone. The three principal towns are Serravalle, Faetano, and Mongiardino. Serravalle was once a wee state, with a castle and a church of the people, but has shrunk to frontier post of San Marino.

Far above all on the top of the hill is the capital, enclosed by a triple row of ramparts and the three towers. The square clock-tower, known as La Rocca, is the prison, and from the summit on festivals floats the blue and white flag. La Rocca, also, holds the great bell rung to summon the people to assemblies.

The capital has two gates, inscribed with the word *Libertas,* that of *La Ripa* (the precipice), and the *Porta Nuova.* Within the walls well paved streets, flanked by dark houses, lead up to the *Piannello* — Piazza — with its group of municipal buildings, the palace of the Regency, the military quarters, and the edifice of the sovereign Council. A picture of San Marino is placed above the throne of the Regents. Portraits and busts of patrons

adorn the interior. The famous Duke Federigo of Urbino, the bluff, highly coloured countenance of King Victor Emmanuel, the delicate beauty of that now sorrowful shadow of womanhood, the Empress Eugénie, as well as the sharp features of the General Bonaparte, embellish these precincts, with many souvenirs. The post-office issues its own stamps of the state, and the Bureau of the Telegraph opened communication with the world in 1880. The cathedral is built in miniature imitation of the church of the Madeleine at Paris, with a high altar of precious marbles, and six lateral altars. This sanctuary is guarded by the four cardinal virtues, and the statue of San Marino, as a deacon, on a pedestal of *verde antique* in the choir. Relics of the saint are gathered in a crystal urn in the wall, while citizens have been given interment between the exterior columns of the sacred building. The vast reservoir on the height, adequate for all the requirements of a community, is not less suggestive than the Prince's Well at Monaco.

San Marino thus liberally provides for the first needs of man, even as the walled villages of Gulmet, or Gilgit, with their habitations of undressed stone, and pebbles embedded in mud, flat roofs, and open

galleries, collect the glacier waters of the mountains in aqueduct cisterns, with a wooden cup attached to a stick to allay the thirst of the wayfarer.

The administration of this ancient Republic is accepted by different authorities as a monarchical society, a democratic government, and an oligarchy. In the earliest, primitive form, as the shrine of San Marino, the head of each family voted in the *Arringo*. In the Fourteenth Century the authority of the *Arringo* diminished, and was succeeded by a council of sixty members, while the right was still accorded to the first gathering to meet twice a year a few days before the installation of the Captains in office. The heads of forty or fifty families thus joined to witness the presentation of petitions. A fine of one penny was formerly exacted for absence from the post of duty. The Council consisted of the three estates, with twenty noble members, twenty citizens of the Città and the Borgo, and twenty country landlords. The members were required to be over twenty-five years of age, and no son might serve with his father, or more than one brother at the same time.

The Council of sixty is still known as the Prince

of San Marino. The oath taken binds to obedience to the Captains of the Council.

The Republic has civil and criminal tribunals, and a superior court. Magistrates are appointed twice in the year, and prudence is manifested in selecting foreign jurisconsults. The curious custom of electing a foreign *Podestà* (Mayor or Provost), which led to Florence being ruled by the Duke of Athens, was early adopted by San Marino. Public funds are in the hands of a *Camerlengo,* or Treasurer. Serious malefactors are sent to the Italian galleys by means of modern treaties of extradition, while the jest is familiar (whether true or false) that the custodian bids the few petty offenders incarcerated in this airy retreat to mind the portal if he goes on an errand elsewhere.

The guardianship of the clock is assuredly a post to be desired. Who would not wind the clock in the tower of San Marino, if competent, and gaze down on college, museum, convents, and theatre, the statue of Liberty in the square, gift of the Duchess of Acquaviva, the bastions, the two cannon of doughty defence, and thence follow with the eye the wide range of country, the mountains

of Carpegna, cradle of the noble race of Montefeltro, in the background, the twin height of San Leo near by, and far away the walls of Cesena, Pesaro, and Ravenna?

On the fifteenth of March and the fifteenth of September, the great bell sets the machinery of government in motion by summoning the sovereign Council. Then the *Piannello* is crowded, mass is celebrated, and the tribune of the church adorned with crimson brocade, as well as the arms of the state, the three hills, Monte Guiato, Monte Cucco, and Monte Gista, in green on an azure field, with gules, the shield surmounted by a closed crown, and surrounded by branches of laurel and oak, united by a ribbon, inscribed with the word Liberty.

The ceremonials that take place are full of a mediæval quaintness and colour. The two Captains Regent, chosen for a term of six months, are one a noble, and the other a citizen. The noble keeps the seals and keys. A Te Deum is chanted with all possible pomp, and the parish priest places lots in a silver urn, to be extracted by a child.

A cortège, composed of Auditor, Bishop, a guard of honour named the Escort of the Prince, militia

under arms, keepers of the forts, and bands of musicians, wends a course through the town to the Palace of State, where the new Regents are received by the old, who, in turn, reconduct their successors to the cathedral to receive the benediction, after which other civic ceremonials take place in the Hall of the Great Council. A discourse is pronounced, couched in the same terms from year to year, of gratitude to all friends, and in reprehension of enemies of the Republic.

What richness of traditional costume is displayed on these occasions! The officers of state appear in black trunk-hose, silk stockings, velvet cloaks lined with blue silk, gold cords, the jewel of the Equestrian Order, and white lace cravat. Lackeys, called *donzelli,* clad in blue and silver, with lace arranged to form the three peaks of the Republic on the back, carry the black velvet and ermine caps of the high functionaries. The military force of the state is estimated at two thousand men, with officers and sub-officers. The Corps of the Guard of the Regency serves in the Communal Palace, in brave array of blue uniform with yellow facings; the second body, the Guard of the Rock, wears blue and red, while the companies of the Grenadiers and

country police of the Borgo and the villages have blue coats and white trimmings.

Patriotism in serving, combined with strict economy, has ever characterized this ancient commonwealth. Emolument of office-holding seldom tempts mercenary spirits here. The Captains receive a salary of ten pence a day, and are allowed the monopoly of salt. Sums expended on the repair of buildings, while they are in office, must not exceed thirty francs without public permission for more outlay. Their duties comprise at least one visit of inspection of the three castles of the territory, Serravalle, Mongiardino, and Faetano. Taxes are light, and the agrarian system prevails of shares (*mezzeria*), half of the harvest appertaining to the tenant, and half to the landlord.

The resources of the Republic in industry are quarrying stone, exporting wood for fuel and building purposes, rearing cattle, cultivating grain or chestnuts, making wine, cheese, and oil, and weaving stuffs. A weekly market is held at Borgo, and annual fairs, for the sale of sheep and oxen, take place. The state has thirty kilometres of roads. The river San Marino, as well as the brooks Marano and Auza, must work as the motive power in

the service of a powder mill and flour mills for the public good.

The ancient constitution was modified in 1847 by the conversion of a Senate into a Chamber of Deputies.

A French authority affirms: "It is by means of institutions at once rational and simple, and above all owing to the virtues of an irreproachable patriotism that the Republic of San Marino has preserved for so many centuries the same form of liberty and independence, and has merited the esteem of the great nations of Europe."

Oh, tiny state, braving the perils of centuries with inflexible courage and integrity, we salute thee with the homage of respect innate in the human breast!

How many forms of picturesque comparison have occurred to poet and statesman in the very site of this miniature stronghold of freedom! It has been likened to the Ark stranded on the hill-top, or an eyrie constructed far above the strife of neighbours of the lowlands, and often left unmolested because of its inaccessibility.

Mount Titan, on which the citadel of the Republic is perched, with the three crests rising seven

hundred and forty metres above the level of the sea on the pure Italian sky, is an intaglio, like the gems of antiquity that are found untarnished after conflagrations, the sacking of towns by invading armies, and burial of years in the ground. Time is here the skilful artist in the selection of the oval cornelian, without flaw, the etching of the graceful design, and the drilling with the diamond-pointed instrument of the centuries into the figure, not of one of the draped Muses, usual on ring or bracelet, but of Fortitude, firm and steadfast in pose, holding her sword in readiness across her knee.

"History has no true importance but as it contains a moral lesson," said Sismondi.

II

A PILGRIM OF THE FOURTH CENTURY

MANY years ago a pilgrim on the Adriatic strand turned his gaze towards the mountains inland as a refuge.

He was San Marino, a pious monk of the Fourth Century, and a native of Dalmatia. The tradition of San Marino is most suggestive of the Adriatic shore, and the date in the history of the world.

The systematic persecution of the Christians by the Emperor Decius in the Third Century was followed by the blow struck by Diocletian in the issue of an Edict of great severity in 303. Diocletian was persuaded to the measure by his associate, Galerius, on false accusation. The act is considered the chief error of his reign. When this fiat was affixed to the doors of temples, and posted in the market-places, men hid their faces in fear of the gathering storm.

San Marino, who was a deacon in orders, and his companion, San Leo, fled from the crowd.

Rimini, the ancient Ariminum, with arch and bridge built by Augustus, and the pedestal of the ancient Forum recording that Cæsar here harangued his army, after the passage of the celebrated little stream, the Rubicon, emulated all the vices and corruption of Rome in a provincial fashion.

San Marino was not a man of the fibre of courage of St. Paul in boldly exhorting the Athenians from the hill of Mars, or of the monk Telemachus, who journeyed from the East to the Eternal City, in order to protest against the cruel butchery of the gladiatorial combats of the amphitheatre, only to be flung to the wild beasts in consequence. He seems to have been of the type of the Oriental hermits, who sought a cave above the desert such time as Egypt had thousands of male and female recluses. Nitria counted five thousand cenobites, while Syria, Persia, and Cappadocia afforded shelter to holy men innumerable.

No doubt San Marino wore a cloak of goat skin, and a hair shirt, like St. Benedict, as, accompanied by his fellow deacon, San Leo, he crossed the boundary line of a territory destined to be known for long centuries as a republic bearing his name. He

sought refuge beyond the valley of Fiume, on the steep rock of Montalbo, an acclivity surrounded by brambles and bushes, in a grotto sheltered from the winds. Traces of the hermit's retreat in smoke and fire stains are still believed to be discernible on the limestone of the peak above. A meadow stretches at the base of the rock, and is known as the saint's garden, where ivy, laurel, carnations, and the herbs of the anchorite bloom, associated with countless local traditions.

The most quaint of these nursery tales is that of the useful donkey ruthlessly devoured by a bear. San Marino hastened to the scene, and laid the burthen of toil on the amazed bruin instead, compelling a fulfilment of the asinine task.

To the native of the tiny Republic these myths must possess all the charm of floating intangibility lost in the mists of the past from the cradle to the reveries of patriarchal age, even as lights and shadows of the long summer day touch the volcanic rifts of tufa, and sulphur-sown soil of Mount Titan, and sway the acacia, poplar, and mulberry trees of the countryside.

Evil rumours gathered about the harassed good man, and followed him in his flight, like a swarm

of stinging bees. "Though you are pure as ice, yet shall you not escape calumny," says the proverb.

San Marino had been involved in the controversies of Arianism at Rimini. Nay, even worse trials fell to his portion in a wicked world. Certain magicians, jugglers, or sons of Belial, bribed a woman to openly claim that she was the wife of the poor, afflicted saint. The name of this woman, Athleta, is suggestive of the circus as one of the supple-limbed acrobats and thimble-riggers depicted on Greek vases. The Empress Theodosia once belonged to this class.

The bold creature is even said to have followed the missionary into the wilderness, where he hid himself from her wiles with fasting and prayer. Athleta was foiled by real or imaginary terrors of nature in the guise of wild beasts, and apparitions of the Evil One, and finally returned to the crowded seaport, leaving him in peace.

The matron Felicità was at her country property, with her two sons, enjoying that summer or autumn sojourn (*villeggiatura*) which is the ideal of well being to the Italian.

The Roman dame is one of those attractive fig-

ures of true benevolence that gleam across the dark background of history, for a moment, as revealing generous traits in the soul of woman, whether pagan or Christian.

One likes to linger on that brink of Adriatic sufficiently long to ponder on what manner of person the benefactress of San Marino actually was, her rank in society as belonging to a wealthy middle class of Rome, possessing estates in the province, or a born patrician.

Once removed from cave dwelling, acorn eating, and forest haunting to the more stable condition of building towns, and defining the boundaries of nations, the ancestors of the European cannot have differed much from their descendants.

The matron Felicità may have withdrawn from the fashionable capital of her day, as the vortex of frivolous gossip, and cares of the toilette, the cosmetics, dyes, perfumes, and rich raiment, in which to be borne forth in her litter to the show, to the tranquil country life of her villa, as does the modern Roman lady, absorbed in the routine of Quirinal, or Vatican, fashions of Paris and London, spring races, and garden parties.

Was her supper table spread with fowls, wild

boar, and oysters, served on silver and tortoise-shell vessels, while the lustrous mosaic pavement imitated the fish and crustaceans of the epicure, and sumptuous Egyptian stuffs draped the columns supporting the frieze, in rivalry of the famous hostesses of the Sabine hills, Capua, the Campagna, or Baia? Is it not more probable that she was a *bourgeoise,* with a farm, who set her female slaves a task for distaff and spindle in the making of woollen raiment, as the mistress of the Villa Rustica; superintended the *gallinarium* of the worthy hens and geese, and the *Chenoboscium* of the ducks and wild fowl, as well as the wine and oil cellars, and swinery; the granaries, stables, depositories for preserving fruits; the *apiarium* of the bees; the *cochleare* of the snails, and the pulse, lettuce, and lentils of the kitchen garden?

If she was a lady of fashion, she was attended by *Cosmeta*, the slave whose duty it was to attire her mistress, apply to her face the *fucus*, the rouge prepared from moss, use the *diapasma,* the scented powder for the toilette redolent of dried flowers, herbs, and aromatic berries, and fill the *capsella* with dried fruits and sweets, the trinket an equivalent of the modern bonbonnière hung around the

neck by a chain, while *Ornatrix*, the hair-dresser, manipulated in the coiffure the curling-irons, *calamister*, as to-day.

If she was a plain materfamilias, on the contrary, she saw to the *diarium*, the daily allowance of provisions weighed out to the slaves; carried the *clavis*, the little key that locked up closets, wardrobes, and book-cases, and the *pugillares* for memorandum, the small-sized tablets covered with wax for writing purposes, with an eye on *Focarius*, the kitchen maid, and *Scoparius*, the menial who swept the floors with a birch broom, or myrtle twigs tied together in a bundle.

Possibly she seasoned the *salgama* in person, the pickle of roots, herbs, and fruits preserved in brine.

According to one tradition the sons of the widow were reputed to belong to the Imperial Guard. In that case they spent their time of military idlers at the bath, the circus, and the amphitheatre, living on the largess of the public treasury, and the distribution of corn.

San Marino took up his abode in the cave of the rock. The scandal of evil tongues spread tales to his discredit through the country. He was re-

garded as a fugitive from Rimini, and a pernicious fellow.

Forth rode the son of Felicità to rid the land of this dangerous intruder. One of them prepared to shoot the inoffensive anchorite with an arrow from his bow, the weapon used in hunting by the Romans. The youth's arm remained extended, paralyzed and rigid. He returned to his mother's house, where consternation prevailed. The stranger was evidently a sorcerer, and had smitten the lad who would have slain him. In her distress Felicità sent to the hermit, and besought him to come to the afflicted one, and cure the mischief wrought. The missionary consented.

That visit of San Marino to the villa of the Roman matron was memorable. As he approached he ordered the statues of the gods cast down from their niches. Apollo, as the deity of health, fell, never to rise again. No more incense was burned before the Lares and Penates of the Atrium. One would like to know at how early a date the new religion substituted the wayside shrine, and the Madonna above the door for these first tutelary guardians of the premises.

San Marino restored the paralyzed arm, and

whether as the result of gratitude, or more powerful spiritual influences, Felicità became converted and was baptized. She bestowed Mount Titan, with other property, on the holy man. He subsequently founded the Borgo, and his followers purchased Casolo and Pennarossi of the Counts of Montefeltro.

The little community early developed an honourable, if timid, fashion of buying a bit of land of a powerful neighbour instead of rudely seizing it in some fray.

The site of the good woman's home is still shown as occupied by a cottage belonging to a Franciscan convent, and boasts of a chimney-piece, where miracles have occurred in the lapse of years. Convert and patroness Felicità zealously befriended San Marino after the manner of womankind with priest or minister.

Gifts of a farmer's bounty must have taken the form of goat's milk curds, cheese of ewe's milk, wine, if only the thin beverage of the Greek and Roman peasant, partaken of in winter, made of the pressed skins of the grape, thrown into the cask with water in event of the saint's abjuring a more generous vintage, and honeycomb from the hives,

woven of strips of cork, fennel plant (*ferula*), sewed together, or basket work. Offerings of confectionery, compounded of the kernels of pine-cones on festivals; the *artopticum,* the small loaf discovered at Pompeii; brown bread with the bran left in it; savoury cakes, flavoured with wine, milk, and honey; the large *placenta* of wheat, oil, and cheese; and even the biscuit of the birthday, the *libum* of flour, milk, eggs, and oil, doubtless found their way from the kitchen of the villa to the retreat of the missionary, where the supper table was spread in the cool of the evening. In Art this meal became symbolical as *La Cena.*

The settlement was first known as the Monastery in the earlier acceptance of the term. Many guests gathered around the supper table as the community increased, after the work of the day, women, children, and old men to break their fast, while the host San Marino discoursed to them on the duties of life. The population of the Monastery increased each year.

The matron Felicità ranks in our imagination with Fabbiola, Lucina, who gave her wealth to the Roman bishops for pious uses, and St. Francesca Romana, as founders of hospitals, and active in

good works rather than as belonging to the shadowy procession of female saints and martyrs wending along the mosaic of some church vault like San Apollinare in Classe at Ravenna.

Sunshine and shadow of summer days, in the recurring seasons, touch the laurel and the flowers of the hermit's garden. The spring of water, the *acquaviva,* with which he baptized, still possesses magical virtues, as a cure of fevers.

Let us accord San Marino a place in history as a remarkable personality, vigorous in human sympathy and intelligence above his fellows. He advocated matrimony in those who flocked to his society, and evidently aspired to founding a state in the permanent establishment of his "family of the rock." The separation of two widely diverse currents is demonstrated by the withdrawal of San Leo to the height still bearing his name, where he led a life of monastic asceticism and ecclesiastical preferment. His sanctuary was soon merged in other possessions of the race of Montefeltro, although the Castles of San Marino and San Leo are mentioned in early records.

Our missionary is said to have married the widow Felicità. This tale would seem to have eddied forth

on a gust of wind from the seaport of Rimini. It failed to rob the holy man of a widespread reputation of sanctity which increased after his death.

His tomb became a shrine of pilgrimage.

Such was the wayfarer of the Fourth Century who turned his gaze wearily from the sea to the mountain peak, where the three towers of the Republic of San Marino now rise on the pure sky.

III

FOUNDING A STATE

THE first stage of existence of the little Republic was a hermit's grave, whither flocked the usual pilgrims to such altars, in pain, affliction, or to seek some boon of fortune from Heaven. What prayers of the troubled human heart may have ascended, like incense, from the tomb of good San Marino in all those early years, together with votive gifts hung about his shrine!

Other adherents flocked to the place, and took up their abode, attracted to adopt the measure by the example of those already established. These were fugitives from their homes, driven forth by the unsettled condition of Italy, and the devastation of unruly invading hordes of barbarians when the Roman Empire fell.

The excellent character and superiority of these first settlers is clearly demonstrated. In their aim to have a stable and equitable government they

founded a republic which has been possibly one of the longest duration of modern times.

Addison said:

"The Commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler origin than that of Rome; the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, the other of persons eminent for piety and devotion."

The Lombards, a rude and proud race, flocked from the north of Germany in 568, and made themselves masters of upper Italy, the Romagna, and of the south to Beneventum. In turn the Franks were aroused to share, or to supersede such domination.

The body of San Marino was stolen in 752 by Astolphus, King of the Lombards, and carried to the church of San Michele at Pavia, which still claims to possess the miraculous relic, while the republicans staunchly maintain that Pepin le Bref gave them back the highly prized bones of the founder to deposit in a sarcophagus under the altar of the parish church. The head of San Marino is shown on the fourth of September. The portal of the sanctuary has the inscription:

Divo Marino Patrono et Libertatis Auctori.

It was a saint-snatching and bone-searching age. Assuredly this was the most gruesome of human manias. Better the finger joint of some devout friar, or nun, to preserve in caskets of gold, silver, or crystal, than no relic.

Let us hope that the dust of San Marino was safely restored to his own chosen resting-place.

If San Niccolo reposes at Bari, St. Mark at Venice, St. Charles Borromeo in the crypt of wrought silver at Milan, and the merest shred of mortality of St. Theresa has miraculous virtues in Spain, the restoration of San Marino to his wee state was memorable, after violent and capricious robbery by a barbarian monarch.

Of all the saints of the calendar the republican visitor should light a taper on the altar of this genial patron of liberty.

Not only must the first precepts of San Marino to his followers have been most edifying, but he has had a charming fashion of appearing in moments of danger to their descendants. Now the rocky citadel is concealed in a cloud of snow to mislead an invading foe. Again some worthy son of the state has been known to be guided through perils in foreign lands by the benefactor in person.

How enviable the lot, to have a patron saint manifest interest in one's welfare at a certain critical juncture in this electric age of midnight railway journeys and ocean racing!

It is not on record that San Marino traced the outline boundaries of territory as Romulus drew the plough around the first nucleus of Rome, or Constantine marked the soil with the tip of his lance for the site of Constantinople, guided by an angel.

The earliest settlement of a village population for this community was probably sheltered in habitations similar to the thatched cottage of Romulus discovered on the Capitoline hill.

The *casa rustica,* the small country house, was probably the next stage of modification, with the *armarium* as furniture of the wardrobe, or cupboard, secured to the wall, *carnarium* suspended to the ceiling for dried meats, vegetables, and fruit to be attached by hooks, and a store of rural implements, such as the basket with a convex lid (the *cumera*), used by country folk for keeping grain, the receiving vessel (*factorium*), to hold the exact measure of olives for the press, or the brazier (*foculus*), filled with charcoal, or wood ashes, to

SAN MARINO, CAPUCHIN CONVENT.

SAN MARINO CATHEDRAL.

warm benumbed fingers, and the portable bronze furnace (*anthessa*), to be carried about the premises at convenience.

Early offerings of corn, wine, oil, and grapes may have been made, together with incense, at the tomb of San Marino in those primitive days when the Eucharist was given by Roman bishops only at wooden altars, or in the sepulchre of the catacombs, with the fillet, the *infula,* bound around the head as the precursor of the mitre, and staff of pastoral office in the hand. The Nicene Creed was added to the Liturgy. Julius, opposed to Arianism, held councils at Rome and Sardica, and introduced the monastic system as advocated by St. Athanasius.

This society on Mount Titan, with a religious foundation and wise laws, is attributed to the saint, and the judicious interest of the Roman matron Felicità.

Soon a retreat on the height was required for safety, as a castle, with strong walls, instead of a few scattered hamlets on the slope. In the course of two hundred years a hermitage, or monastery, a castle (*castellum*), and commune became a republic.

When did the little state begin to build houses

like fortresses, doors of oak, secured by iron bars, with narrow windows, towers, and steep streets?

In a first phase of political independence San Marino did not differ from other small holdings and free towns of Italy.

Usually a count was given such property, as a fief, by an invading conqueror, to ensure his stewardship, and the rendering of the homage of a vassal when required, as well as to fight neighbours to gain petty supremacy while subjects endured oppression and obeyed. The Republic of San Marino, entrenched in that citadel on the summit of a hill, determined not to suffer oppression from any tyrant. Each citizen is born to an equality with his brother.

In many respects development partook of the characteristics of other parts of the peninsula. Italy was far in advance of the rest of Europe in civilization.

We may single out tiny San Marino for contemplation as still intact while all Italian republics have crumbled and fallen, but at the outset the aim of self-government was the same. Modesty of estate rendered it inferior to those brilliant and rich centres of power, inspired with diverse aims and

hostilities, which the eloquence of Lamartine, as the advocate of popular rights, failed to justify as not injuring the many interests of the whole, and Guizot condemned as only tending to concentrate authority in a few individuals, yet these commonwealths gave birth to aspirations for the elevation of mankind in letters and art.

The Greeks had resigned Italy, conquered by them from the Ostrogoths, to the Lombard sway. The Greek influence lingered on such coasts as Venice, Ravenna, Genoa at the base of the Ligurian mountains, and Pisa at the mouth of the Arno. The refuges of Roman education were Bari and Gaeta.

Thus was founded a miniature republic in the name of San Marino on a hilltop overlooking the Adriatic Sea. Increase of population gave stability and strength to the state, and tended to stimulate a public spirit of patriotism to labour for the general good.

IV

THE VOICE OF BELLS

THE world acquired a voice, which gradually gathered tone and volume until a note welled forth from the tower of San Marino and has chimed through all the succeeding centuries.

A bell aroused the monks to prayer at midnight in the monastery of Bobbio, under the rule of St. Columban. The calling to worship was general in Europe in the Sixth Century, while Nola in Campania boasts of the christening of *campana,* or bells.

Merida in Portugal sent forth the earliest peal from a belfry in 560.

Pope Stephen II built the first tower at the side of St. Peter's at Rome. This belfry was red brick, and marked a change of architecture in the Eternal City. The beautiful ceremony of blessing bells was instituted in the Eighth Century. Urban II, in 1095, rung at sunrise and sunset the Angelus.

The silvery chime rippling forth from a tower at the close of day, over a listening earth, should render mankind kin, and be more effectual than much haranguing of the human tongue in nicely adjusted debate of abstruse argument to bridge the chasm of creeds between Greek, Catholic, Hebrew, Moslem, and Gentile.

The Tenth Century opened. Little San Marino rang a salutation to other republics. Venice, Amalfi, Gaeta, and Naples responded.

Naples was independent. She had cast off the yoke of the Eastern Empire, and bribed the Lombards and the Greeks to leave her unmolested. She could still answer the challenge of San Marino's bell that she was free.

Amalfi sounded a more clear and assured echo from the brink of the gulf of sapphire blue sea. Amalfi was founded by the Eastern Emperors, and ruled by a Prefect, until the city with its churches, towers and arcades, with the houses grouped in the gorge of the adjacent mountains, grew to a republic, with a Doge. In 838 the Prince of Benevento had attacked the place to plunder the remains of St. Trofimena, pillaged, and carried off the inhabitants prisoners to Salerno. Lo! Amalfi

rallied from the blow, built up her walls, coined money, boasted of an arsenal, theatre, and other public edifices. Leo IV, who succeeded Sergius II in 847, and bravely defended Rome from the Saracen, commended Amalfi for services against the infidels in the warfare of the Doges with Capua, Benevento, and Salerno.

Gaeta on her projecting headland, surrounded by orange, olive, and citron groves, was one of the three Greek municipalities which became the refuge of civilization, after the fall of the Roman Empire. A Doge was the chief magistrate. Gaeta sent out her fleets to the Levant.

Venice was growing in importance, Genoa rang her bells, and Bologna, made a free town by Charlemagne, with the motto on her shield of Libertas, took up the peal.

Liberty signified to all these self-governed states a personal freedom and national independence, but the feudal system had taken root in the land since the Longobardic occupation. Barons resided in castles, the second class became bondmen, while the third, in the peasants, were affixed to the soil they tilled. The Lombards had ruled for two centuries, and had divided Italy into thirty-six Duchies. An-

archy prevailed after the reign of Charles the Fat, in 888. Hungary pervaded the north of Italy, and the Saracens still ravaged the south.

The Tenth Century was dark. Rome lapsed into ignorance and gloom. The studies of Mathematics, Physics, and Astronomy were nearly abandoned. The School of Music, founded by St. Gregory, was neglected. The expense of papyrus, resulting from the Moslem conquest of Egypt, led to the mischievous practice of obliterating manuscripts in order to write over them. The desecration of the classical city had been taking place since Charlemagne was crowned on Christmas Day in 800, by Leo III, from which ceremonial dates the Holy Roman Empire, and the mediæval history of Catholicism.

Other towers besides the red brick campanile of churches sprang up, amid feuds and devastations, as characteristic defensive features of the Carlovingian architecture of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. Louis, King of Provence, was crowned as sovereign of Italy in 900, by Benedict IV. Leo V, elected in 903, was deposed in two months by Christopher. Sergius III prepared the way for even more evil days, ruling in the time of the wicked Theodora and her daughter Marozia.

Seven emperors arose in this century. The Popes were disposed to exchange the mitre for the helmet, and place themselves at the head of armies. Bishops were rapacious, and merited the reproach of being wolves ready to devour their flocks.

Charlemagne gave Ancona, Rimini, Fano, Forli, and Gubbio to the Papacy.

Roads were unsafe for wayfarers, and even the Alpine passes were infested by Saracen marauders.

Berengarius II, King of Italy, was deposed in 951 by the Emperor Otho I, who was crowned at Rome, with his son. Two councils were held at Rome and Ravenna in 967, by Pope John XIII. Otho II descended on Italy in the spring of 982, and learned of the death of the Pontiff. He decided to make his cousin Pope Gregory V. Thus two young Germans reigned over Italy.

Men had a superstitious dread, at this date, of the end of the world, alarmed by such portents as comets and earthquakes.

San Marino had taken form as a canonical corporation, and was known in the earliest records as the Community of the Castle of San Marino. It now aspired to a firmer consolidation of state such time as neighbours began to entrench themselves

within walls, and guard their gates in the interests of industries, luxury, and domestic life. Some instinctive conviction must have already taken firm root in the small settlement that a man could rely on the good faith of treaties and negotiations made with republics. Zeal for the common advantage developed, courage and fortitude in adversity were adhered to, generosity of the rich to the poor manifested. In calamity all strove to aid those stricken with the alacrity which is so noble a trait in the Swiss. Time, the etcher, drew the outline of design on our little intaglio.

The Eleventh Century dawned. The bell of San Marino greeted the republics of the peninsula.

"Is all well with you?" sang the bell on the height. "All is well," responded the chime of Venice, making ready for the Crusades despite internal dissensions. "All is well," echoed Florence, devastated by barbarian, but rallying with the Eleventh Century, and conquering the ancient town of Fiesole in 1010.

"I enter my heroic age," rang the bell of Pisa, proud rival of Genoa and Venice, as one of the most important towns of the Mediterranean in commerce.

Pisa expelled the Saracens from Sardinia in 1025, and destroyed their fleet near Palermo in 1063, after defeating the infidel at Tunis.

The bells of Amalfi still made answer, as the Athens of the Middle Ages, with her factories at Jerusalem, Bagdad, Tunis, Cyprus, and Constantinople. Amalfi founded the Hospital of the Order of St. John, famous later as the Knights of Malta, preserved the Pandects of Justinian, and brought to Europe a knowledge of the compass. In 1075 the Republic, menaced by Gisulph of Salerno, obtained aid of Robert Guiscard, who annexed Amalfi to his dukedom of Apulia. The bell became audible once more in 1096, when the citizens rebelled.

Naples was mute, silenced by Pandolfo IV of Capua.

Gaeta, with her ships and settlements in the Levant, responded.

San Marino grew, as each town gathered the elements of a whole in its own laws and jurisdiction in a local, provincial patriotism which still exists in Italy.

Malatesta, Fagguiole, and Friuli were tyrants surrounding the little gem of the hilltop. In 1100

the state purchased Penna Rossa and Casole of the Count of Carpenga.

That great dame, the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, stalked across the stage of history without inflicting serious harm to tiny San Marino. This lady, born in 1046, and thrice married, whose partisanship of the cause of Pope Gregory VII against the Emperor of Germany, and subsequent grant of all her estates to the Church, did not include our insignificant Republic in the testament which occasioned more dissension than does the will of most rich women. As the Roman matron Felicità befriended the monk San Marino, in her day, so did the Countess Matilda uphold the famous Hildebrand at a later date. As Pope Gregory VII, austere and domineering, intent on far-reaching schemes of ambition, passed by the castellated height of Mount Titan to bring the German Emperor Henry IV, humbled, to Canossa.

The century opened with the reign of Sylvester II as the first French Pope. He was a man of education, versed in mathematics, astronomy, and medicine. He is reputed to have invented the timepiece with a pendulum, which was retained in general use until 1650, when the modern clock attained

its present form, and the hydraulic organ. He introduced Arabic numerals into Europe. He further revived the study of Horace, Virgil, Juvenal, Terence, Statius, and Persius, together with rhetoric, geometry, arithmetic, and the spheres.

This epigram is attributed to Sylvester II:

"I followed the pursuits of Archimedes, and was the disciple of Wisdom; the vulgar in days when it was a glory to be ignorant therefore supposed me a magician."

Little San Marino must have noted events, watching and listening on the peak, while building up her bulwarks in tiny mould!

St. Romualdo, son of the Duke of Ravenna, turned from hunting the wild boar in the pine woods to the wilderness in search of peace, as San Marino had done centuries earlier, and founded the Eremite Order of the Camaldolese in the Tuscan Apennines. St. Romualdo was placed by Dante among the spirits of men contemplative.

St. John Gualberto also fled from the world to the fastnesses of Vallombrosa in 1015.

The land was still unsafe. Even the approaches to Rome were infested by brigands and assassins. Pope Gregory VI had found the treasury exhausted,

and Urban II went to France at the close of the century, where the first Crusade was preached in 1095. The Golden Rose, as a gift, grew to a tree at Tours in 1096, the top perfumed with musk, and anointed with the chrism.

The Twelfth Century stirred the pulsation of San Marino's bell with some intuition of hope and fear of overshadowing events. The bells of Lucca, as a republic, responded, free after the successive rule of Goth, Lombard, and Frank.

Verona, Ferrara, Vicenza, Siena, Florence, and Venice echoed the note.

Above all swelled forth the stroke of the bell of Rome, full of the melody of majestic memories, and with the evanescent vibration of belief in liberty for man.

Arnold of Brescia had arisen. He dreamed of fashioning out of the mighty ruin of the fabric of the Eternal City a new republic. This eloquent reformer, born at the close of the Eleventh Century, who studied in France under Abelard, returned from banishment to Switzerland in 1143, whither opposition to the clergy holding temporal power had driven him. Hastening to Rome, he raised the standard of freedom. The sound of the bell

was short lived. Pope Eugenius III was a fugitive, but Adrian IV succeeded in subduing the excited populace. Arnold was seized by order of Barbarossa, and perished at the stake in 1155.

How are we to estimate Arnold of Brescia, across the distance of all the intervening years, unless as one of the heroic souls that have flamed towards heaven and eternity, like a beacon torch during a brief span of life on the earth? With him, surely,

> "Not failure but low aim
> Is crime."

San Marino was a mute spectator of the martyrdom of Arnold of Brescia, in fear of the present hour and the future.

Already the two adjacent states held by the Malatesta family of Rimini, and the Montefeltre of Urbino, were taking form, and acquiring power to harm or protect the little Republic. Urbino had four hundred castles, retreats that were garrisoned, and supplied with stores of grain for winter, in event of invasion. The crag of San Leo, with a temple of Jupiter on the summit, and a town clustered around the hermit's cell on the declivity which had served as a refuge for King Berengarius in

the Tenth Century was now held by the Dukes of Urbino as a place of strategical importance.

There was no system of telegraph, and the roads were difficult, yet the birds of the air might have carried the news to San Marino of how St. Bernard of Clairvaux preached the second Crusade; the Turks captured Edessa in 1144; Pope Eugenius III urged the French king St. Louis to hasten to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Venice equipped a fleet, Pisa displayed zealous activity, Genoa offered the resources of her harbour to the European states, including King Richard of England, while Cremona sent a ship of war.

Sober little San Marino must have quietly looked on, for the most part, untouched by the feverish tumult of excitement in the rallying of armies and fleets to fight the Crescent.

Even more momentous was the rise of Frederick Barbarossa of Germany in 1152. The ambition of this monarch was to regulate the affairs of Italy as the beautiful country blooming with the olive and grape beyond the icy barriers of the Alps. The Empress Constance, appointed Regent of Sicily, watched over the infancy of her son Frederick II, the brilliant sovereign destined to wield great in-

fluence in his prime. In 1199 Pope Innocent III came into power, and confirmed the pontifical rule of the monk Hildebrand, known as Gregory VII.

One wonders if San Marino consecrated the first sanctuaries of the founder in their primitive simplicity, celebrating the mass at high altars previously concealed by curtains, and swinging censers suspended by chains instead of carrying incense in vases.

The wave of the diversity of human beliefs reached San Marino in the Manicheism of Bulgaria, which gained the name of a heretical schism as the *Paterini.*

Oh, the intolerance of man for the creed of his brothers! The Albigenses were execrated by their contemporaries, and are now considered to have adhered to a pure form of religion. By strange coincidence St. Dominick was born at Calahorra in Spain in 1170, and St. Francis of Assisi in 1181. To the Order of the Dominicans Pope Innocent III consigned the Inquisition.

The tranquillity of San Marino was further disturbed by the passage of bands of Flagellants, singing, and scourging themselves for the sins of the world.

If the bell of San Marino greeted the Thirteenth Century, the most suggestive response was wafted over the mountains from Florence, for in the Arno capital the poet Dante was born in 1265. Pisa, Genoa, Venice, Siena, Lucca, Pistoja, and several northern towns gave back the peal of liberty, although already threatened by the warfare of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, the rival branches of the German houses of Suabia and Bavaria which resulted from the death of Barbarossa in 1190.

Nearer at hand the Montefeltre, made counts by Barbarossa in 1160, increased in power. In 1295 the famous Count Guido, having reached the age when "every man should lower sail, and take in ropes," assumed the robe of a Franciscan monk, and retired to monastic seclusion. When the hermit elected Pope Celestine V was persuaded by Charles II, son of Charles of Anjou, to create twelve foreign cardinals, the road led to Avignon. Celestine V resigned the Papacy and fled to a company of hermits on this Adriatic shore, attempting to make further escape by sea in a boat. He was made prisoner by his successor, Boniface VIII.

Ranieri, Abbot of St. Anastasia, secretary of Boniface VIII, paid this tribute to San Marino:

"Liberty signifies to these men belonging to themselves, and owing no homage to one of their number, but only to the Master of all things."

In the Fourteenth Century the Florence bell gave back the greeting of San Marino as still dominating Genoa, Pisa, and even the gathering volume of power of Venice, as well as the towns of the Romagna which had revolted from Papal rule, in a lingering, pensive melody, as the cradle of Dante Alighieri.

Of all the notable figures of history, who have traversed the Adriatic shore, and must assuredly have beheld the towers of San Marino on the summit of Mount Titan, in passing, none have left such indelible footprints in the sands of memory as this dark-visaged, sharp-featured man of thoughtful mien.

The reveries and poetical passion of his youth had unfolded in his native city of Florence. Manhood found him involved in the town feuds of the Neri and Bianchi, together with his family. After his election as prior in 1300, he suffered banishment and confiscation of estates in 1302.

Such is the familiar record. Dante became a wanderer. Villages, castles, and sanctuaries all

over Italy claim the renown of having been one of his resting-places. He haunted Tuscany, Lombardy, and the Romagna, aware of "how savoureth of salt the bread of others," and how hard a road is the going up and down of another's stairway.

The sentiment still belongs to humanity:

"I have pity for all unfortunates, but most of all for those who languish in exile, and revisit their own country only in dreams."

The poet was the guest of Can Grande at Verona, of Guido di Castello at Reggio, and Ugguccione della Fagguiole of Lucca and Pisa, as well as Bosone Raffaelli of Gubbio. The room tenanted by him in the cloister of Fonte is still visited. Avellana Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, became his last protector.

Oh, the power of genius! A stroke of this mighty pen has given imperishable fame to the height of San Leo, as the city of Purgatory. The Castle of Verruchio, a stronghold of the Malatesta, north of San Marino, where Giovanni Malatesta slew his young wife, Francesca da Rimini, and his brother Paolo, still stands on the rocky site washed by the river Marrechia.

Nay, the same pen has consigned the soldier, Count Guido Montefeltro, to the lowest Hell for treachery, borne away by Minos, for aiding Pope Boniface VIII, as one whose boast was: "All winding ways of subtlety I knew."

Possibly Dante visited San Marino on his journeys, with some responsive sentiment of sympathy aroused by the brave spirit of independence of the people, yet no proud record of house, chapel, or cell records his actual sojourn, so far as the writer is aware. The tiny state struck a medal in honour of his memory on his sixth centenary, bearing the effigy of the poet crowned with laurel, and the inscription:

A
Dante Alighieri
La Repubblica di San Marino
1865

He bequeathed the rich gift of language to this commonwealth as to the entire peninsula, the vulgar tongue which was the oaten bread to the people in comparison with the loaf of the Latin of the clergy. The ballads and heroic tales sung through country districts, the canticles and hymns of Francis of

Assisi on the lips of the simple and unlearned, the love ditties of women from the German and the Provençal, and even the fourteen dialects of Italy were destined to become merged in the wider channel of a common language.

San Marino gazed down from the hilltop on the flat, marshy tracts of land in the distance, and the ancient walls and towers of Ravenna, on the September day in 1321, when Dante was borne to the tomb, followed by the citizens, the exile whose dust the town has ever refused to give up. Guido da Polenta pronounced a funeral oration on the occasion.

Frugality and a rude manner of living must have prevailed at San Marino in the beginning of the Fourteenth Century, as described by Ricobaldi. Such illumination as wax candles and tallow was unknown, and the torch had superseded the Roman *facula,* the lathe of resinous wood. Wine was not drank in summer, and meat was eaten three times a week. The attire of women was made of coarse wool, while men were clad in leather.

Lo! The bell of Palermo changed that tocsin of tragic woe which still booms on the startled ear as an echo of the hour when a people hoped for

liberation from the foreign conqueror, and summoned all citizens to attend the Sicilian Vespers. In the chain of events that led to the desperate appeal of the Sicilian bell, the great Frederick Barbarossa, and the subtle Frederick II were both dead, and the Pope Alexander IV had been given a rich province in Sicily by Conradin. Urban IV renewed the papal quarrels with Manfred in 1261 by offering the Sicilian crown to Charles of Anjou. Clement IV pursued the same aggressive policy in 1265. The better influence of Gregory X in 1271 served to pacify the Italian states somewhat.

During the rise of Rudolph of Hapsburg in 1273 three Popes ruled, from 1276 and the ensuing year, Innocent IV, Adrian V, and John XXI. When Nicholas III came into power in 1277, propitiated by the Hapsburg influence, he sought to curb the French, while enriching the Orsini family, even by grasping Tuscany and Lombardy.

Charles I of Anjou, King of Naples, refused to give his niece in marriage to an Orsini. The year 1282 heard the Palermo bell toll for the Vespers of Easter. A French soldier, with misdirected gallantry, saluted a handsome girl of the people, and was smitten down, with attendant massacre of the

hated masters. Sicily raised its banner of the Golden Eagle, with the words Good Estate and Liberty, proclaiming the island a republic under the protection of the Holy See. Alas! Pope Martin IV on Ascension Day uttered anathemas against the Sicilians, prohibited all Christian powers from lending support to the rebels on pain of forfeiture of property, and commanded the leaders to submit once more to the French rule. The bells of the Sicilian Republic were speedily silenced for ever.

Such was the span of the century to that timid, scarcely formed fellow republic, San Marino on the height. How the wee state must have trembled when the first cannon, furnished with balls of stone or metal, were dragged across country by yokes of oxen, and bombards and basilisks became only too well known to peaceable folk. As an anxious spectator of the tide of events San Marino found it a century of movement.

The estates left by the great lady, Countess Matilda, had served as a bagatelle tossed about by Pope, emperor, and king for many years. Otho IV of Brunswick refused to give up his share, and kept the Duchy of Spoleto. The Marchese Obizzo d'Este held the Marches of Ancona. The French

King Philip Augustus mingled in the contest, while Frederick II, crowned at St. Peter's with Constance of Aragon, had ultimately given up the provinces of Matilda to the Pontiff, and promised to go on a Crusade. Honorius III crowned Peter de Courtenay, grandson of Louis the Fat and Yolande, his wife, Emperor of the East, in the Basilica of San Lorenzo in 1216. The church of St. Peter served only for the Western Church. The new sovereign did not reach his throne, as he was made prisoner and killed in the Epirus by Theodore Lascaris. His wife reigned in Constantinople until 1219. Blanche of Castile, as Queen Regent of France for Louis IX, introduced the Inquisition in 1228. The soldiers of the Cross gathered in the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice, under the nearly blind Doge Dandolo, with ships and much pomp, but the spirit of the enterprise declined. The army did not gain Palestine, but besieged Zara and Constantinople.

San Marino had more to fear from the Roman Curia than other foes. Ezzelino da Romano was considered the most sanguinary tyrant of the Middle Ages. He was a madman in cruelty, whom the Archbishop of Ravenna strove to overthrow, after Innocent IV had essayed to draw him to his side.

If Ezzelino chanced to glance that way the little state might well tremble, in fear of the ogre devouring Mount Titan, like a shrimp or an oyster.

Far away to the north Cologne instituted the ritual of tolling the church bell for the dying in 1200. Southward the House of Loretto is affirmed to have flown over from Tersatto on the Dalmatian coast in 1291, whither it had been previously wafted from Nazareth as the abode of the Holy Family.

How eventful the journey if the citizen of San Marino ever visited the Fair of Sinigaglia, which has been held for six centuries! The ancient episcopal town was thronged with merchants from the Levant, and beyond the Alps, and the streets resembled an Eastern bazaar. The Fair of St. Mary Magdalen of Sinigaglia has been compared with that of Beaucaire in France. Certainly it afforded the Sanmarinese of early days a glimpse of the world such as he of to-day obtains in frequenting a Paris Exposition.

In 1305 Clement V went to Avignon, owing to the sharp dissensions of state and Church. Changes of rule in France and Spain affected the interests of Italy, where Sicily had long been contended for by both Charles of Valois and Alfonso of Aragon.

Boniface VIII strove to reconcile the heirs by a marriage between James of Aragon and Blanche of Naples, daughter of Charles, while Frederick, brother of the latter, was actually the rightful claimant.

This Fourteenth Century was full of peril on every side for San Marino.

Monsieur Barghou-Fortriou stated:

"The Republic of San Marino is not redoubtable, nor to be feared. Such is the cause of its long prosperity."

Modest obscurity did not exempt the Commonwealth from danger. The chief risk was with the Roman Curia, and local bishops desirous of exacting tithes. Never was the arbitrary oppression of the papacy more onerous than after Avignon became the seat of power, and Legates were sent to regulate affairs in Italy. The Cardinal of Spoleto had besieged and taken Gubbio early in the century; the Order of the Knights Templars was suppressed in 1308; Ferrara was seized by the Legate, and the Lords Gonzaga and Carrara made tributary; and Venice was laid under an interdict in the reign of Pope John XXII and Benedict XII.

The bell of Bologna proudly returned the salute

of San Marino as a republic in 1314, but continuance as such was speedily thwarted by papal rule, which claimed the city with Verona, Parma, and Vicenza. Clement VI purchased Avignon of Queen Joanna of Naples in 1342, for eighty thousand florins.

San Marino might hold aloof from the struggle of the league of the four cities, Pisa, Siena, Florence, and Bologna, as well as the ambitious schemes of Castruccio Castracane of Lucca, the population of the state was augmented by the settlement of families fleeing from the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline in various provinces. Enemies threatened the Republic. There was danger of the Mount Titan being taken as a neutral ground for political projects at a date when tyrants, foreign kings, emperors, and papal legates bought and sold the towns of Italy, after the fashion of a robber rifling a jewel casket. Thus Henry of Luxembourg in 1308, and King Robert of Naples in 1309, who waged war against the Emperor Henry VII, and was the judge from whom Petrarch received the crown of poet laureate, divided the spoils. The Emperor Henry VII made it his duty to pacify factions. John of Bohemia did not scruple to sell towns to small

lords: Parma and Lucca to the Rossi family, Reggio to Foligno, Modena to the Pii, Cremona to the Ponzoni under the Legate Bertrand du Poiet.

San Marino, as kindred of the men of Bologna, Urbino, Carpegna, or Rimini, had much to dread from becoming involved in their affairs to the loss of personal rights. Ugolino, Bishop of Montefeltro, evinced a desire to meddle with the affairs of the stronghold. He bought a house at San Marino, and his policy was accepted as a precedent by his successors. Benvenuto, Bishop of Montefeltro, demanded dues of the Republic. He met with a firm refusal. Then he sought to sell his rights to the Lords of Rimini. Pope John XXII countenanced the claim in order to strike a blow at Urbino.

In this critical situation San Marino had recourse to law. The Commonwealth employed a sagacious *avocato* (lawyer) of Rimini to make careful researches into early archives to prove that no allegiance to the Holy See was obligatory, as the community had been accorded a treaty by Pepin le Bref. Rimini turned aside, capriciously, to other matters, and San Marino triumphed even to the extent of making an amicable compact with the dangerous Malatesta for mutual protection.

Never was better example of man, or state, holding ground with a plundering enemy.

As a further example, hospitality has ever been considered a sacred obligation by this little Republic, and when Bishop Benvenuto took refuge at San Marino, on a subsequent occasion, he was kindly received.

Peruzzi, Bishop of Montefeltro, essayed a third struggle for mastery. A judge of Rimini drew up a *Privilegium* for the state, attesting rights to rule itself, pass sentence civil and criminal, and acknowledge no jurisdiction of the Church.

The mention made under Gregory XII is to this effect: "The Castle of San Marino is elevated, strong and inaccessible, with three hundred hearts, and two forts."

Foreign foes menaced the rocky fastness in this century as well.

The bell of St. John Lateran sent forth a greeting in 1347. Cola di Rienzi, clad in a white robe, and wearing a gold diadem, harangued the Roman populace from a platform. He was an eloquent tribune of reform, and aspired to redeem the land from "dark centuries of shame." Rome listened, deserted by the Pontiff, despoiled by the robber

barons in their fortified castles, a prey to anarchy and decay, as the Eternal City always listens, calmly, to "any new thing," then escorted the orator to the Capitol, bearing aloft a banner inscribed with the words, Liberty, Justice, Peace.

The Lateran bell was soon mute. Rienzi was driven out of the city in a tumult. He was long a fugitive in Germany, judged at Avignon, and restored to Rome by the Pope, as a Senator, only to be slain in the streets by the barons in power.

San Marino in this same year, 1347, breathed the pure air of the hills in a spirit of contentment, and was assailed by the most formidable foreign invader that has ever appeared in Europe. The plague landed from Genoese galleys, and appeared in Tuscany, Provence, and the Romagna. Checked by the cold of winter, the malady burst forth with increased violence in the spring.

The world is still appalled by the contemplation of those days. Of the population of Genoa forty thousand perished, of Siena eighty thousand, in Sicily three hundred and thirty thousand; Naples lost sixty thousand, and Pisa seven-tenths of the citizens.

San Marino waited in dumb terror. Would it

be wholly erased by the scourge as Trapani ceased to exist? No; the Intaglio only received the sharp incision, the delicate stroke of the graver's tool of the years.

Of human foes instead of winged pestilence, the soldier of fortune, German, Swiss, Scotch, French, and native Italian appeared on the scene. The Provençal *Condottiere* Fra Moriale, and the German Count Lando were ready to sell their military services to prince or free city. In 1358 Baumgarten, with a band of twelve thousand men, was hired by Siena and Cortona. The White Company under Hawkwood came into Italy in 1360, to avoid the plague in Provence, and entered the service of the House of Monferrat.

San Marino espied such bold marauders from afar with dismay, sharing the disquietude of the entire peninsula.

The great bell of St. Mark boomed across the lagunes when the head of Faliero fell in 1355.

At this date approached one of the chief antagonists of the Republic of Mount Titan, whose name is still held in execration by the tiny community. This was the Cardinal Albornoz of Toledo, sent as Legate from Avignon by Innocent VI.

This astute and ambitious prelate reduced the Romagna to obedience, and strove to restore the papal power held by the Orsini and Colonna families at Rome. The wisdom and military skill of the noble Spaniard, chaplain of Alfonso XI of Castile, is praised by historians in recovering Italian towns which had become disaffected. Albornoz forced San Marino to take up arms against Feltri at the siege of San Leo. His death in 1367 alone relieved the tiny victim from his haughty espionage.

More illustrious strangers visited the land, their advance noted with suspicion from the top of Mount Titan.

Louis of Hungary sought Italy to avenge the death of his brother Andrew, consort of Queen Joanna of Naples. The august guest was received at Padua by the Lord of Carrara, at Vicenza by Alberto della Scala, at Modena by Obizzo d'Este, and by Giacomo Pepoli at Bologna. In the Romagna he was welcomed by Ordelaffi Malatesta, and the Polenta and Ubaldini families. He passed by Urbino and Foligno, and arrived at Aquila on Christmas Eve, where the Legate opposed his further advance, Queen Joanna having gathered a

SAN MARINO, PALACE OF STATE.

fleet in her own defence, but he continued on his way.

The weak and cruel Emperor Wenceslaus, son of Charles IV, wished to extort money out of Italy in 1393, as King of the Romans, after cancelling the debt of his own nobles to the Jews, and confiscating the property of three thousand Hebrews in his dominions. He caused the death of John Nepomuk by drowning in the Moldau. San Marino did not tempt his cupidity. Wenceslaus was deposed by the Diet of Frankfort in 1400.

The Pope left Avignon in 1376, and the exile of seventy years terminated. In 1378 the Catholic world was divided in allegiance. France, Spain, and Naples supported Clement VII, while Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, England, Hungary, Poland, and Portugal adhered to Urban VI.

The number of republics diminished, and virtue sensibly declined, but San Marino stood firm.

The Fifteenth Century brought back few echoes to the bell of San Marino. One by one the small republics of Italy were subjugated by nobles. San Marino was poised in the scales between Urbino and Rimini. The Dukes of Urbino were steadfast friends and protectors of the tiny Republic, which

served as a bulwark, in state policy, between the two principalities and the restless violence and intrigues of the Malatesta of Rimini.

The expiring note of many of the free communes was eloquent.

The Council of Pisa was held in 1409, and that of Constance in 1417.

The bell of St. Mark proclaimed that Venice had arisen to the rank of a great republic in this Fifteenth Century. Venice was not affected by any external German influence, yet was eaten at the core within by elements of despotism. In addition the dirge of the Venetian bell announced a severe blow to prosperity in the fall of Constantinople, as well as the discovery of America in 1492, and the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope. Europe became arrayed against the Queen of the Adriatic in the League of Cambray.

The Council of Constance having deposed three Popes, elected Martin V. He was the best Pontiff of the age, entering Rome, which was pronounced a nest of beggars and brigands, in 1420.

Little San Marino was rejoiced that the tyranny of the Legates was over, and watched the Roman Curia.

The century was a tissue of political intrigue. Eugenius IV, the next Pope, was driven from Rome. Nicholas V was a patron of literature and art. Julius II and Leo X wielded a powerful sceptre in their time. Calixtus III was the first Borgia, and the creature of Alfonso of Aragon, the heir of Joanna of Naples. How could San Marino hope to escape trouble, with Spanish, Ligurian, or French influences paramount at Rome, according to the Pope in power?

The bells of Milan proclaimed the rise of the Ambrosian Republic in 1448. Milan was the first commune in Italy to become a country, and aspired, as the defender of Liberty, to rival Venice, with the river Adda for a boundary of territory. The bells soon ceased their jubilant chime in the power of Francesco Sforza. The bells of the Florentine Republic were stilled by the Medici in 1480; the iron hand in the silken gauntlet of despotism. Five powers strove to maintain an equilibrium of alliance, Venice and Milan, Naples and Rome, with Florence in the centre to ensure the peace of Italy. The splendour of these small states invariably shone with an additional lustre under a seigneur.

" The glory of a prince costs the people so dear," an old French author laments.

Thus Mastino della Scala, lord of nine cities, Verona, Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, Brescia, Feltre, Belluno, Parma, and Lucca wrung an income equal to that of the King of France from his subjects; sheltered twenty-three fugitive princes at his court, at one time, and waged war with Venice over the trade in salt, the useful aliment most unpalatable to the poet Dante in the bread of dependence. Mastino drew a chain across the river Po, in this contest, and built fortresses in the mountains. The Medici crowned Florence with lasting fame.

To the student and dilettante, alike, Urbino is the most attractive of all these little capitals in an age of outer barbarism. The fair city of the height, cradle of Raphael, with its palaces, battlements, and towers resembles one of Benvenuto Cellini's works in precious metals in some mediæval museum.

The Duchy of Urbino has ever been accepted as an example for Europe, with a wise rule of loyal subjects, sumptuous hospitality, and stately retinue of knights, almoners, men-at-arms, heralds, trumpeters, astrologers, and keepers of bloodhounds. The princes were renowned for military bravery,

magnanimity, and culture at a period when the polish of education in art, philosophy, and letters was deemed indispensable by the Este of Ferrara, the Sforza of Pesaro, and even the wayward, turbulent Malatesta of Rimini. The women enjoyed the reputation of conduct above reproach in modesty, discretion, and refinement.

We picture the lords of Urbino and their household as clad in satin, cloth-of-gold, velvet doublets and mantles, or rich feminine draperies, jewelled caps, diamond-studded collars, and chains. These people of gentle manners listened to the plays of Castiglione, the songs of Tasso, the conversation of Cardinal Bembo. If the princes, who were patrons of San Marino, resemble the central figures of a majolica plaque of a ruby and golden lustre, like Italian sunshine, the Malatesta furnish the effigies stamped on bronze medals in profile, with full-lidded, cruel eyes alert for fresh victims, the long nose, and weak chin.

The library of Urbino was world-renowned. Duke Federigo expended thirty thousand ducats on the collection of volumes bound in crimson, mounted with silver, comprising works in Latin and Greek from the logic, philosophy, and music of Aver-

roes, or Boethius, and the medical lore of Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna. The Urbino Bible, written in two volumes, now in the Vatican, was treasured long in this palace of wood-carvings, pictures, frescoed ceilings, marble stairway, and columns.

San Marino was situated between these two powerful neighbours. The feline, restless lord of Rimini prowled around the confines of the little Republic, ever seeking a pretext to conquer, or destroy, if only in defiance of the strong protector Urbino on the further boundary. Each luminous virtue of the fine race of Montefeltre seemed to find a black shadow in the vice, dissimulation, and treachery of Sigismund Malatesta.

V

A CHESS-BOARD OF HISTORY

San Marino gazed down on this eventful Fifteenth Century as a chess-board in the game of history. Duke Federigo of Urbino rode out, as the king, on one side. He was the first Duke of the race, born in 1442, and received the military education of a *Condottiere*. He married the tiny lady, Battista Sforza, who had presided over her father's court, with sedate dignity, at the age of thirteen. She was a mother at fourteen of the eldest of her eight daughters. Her only son was the delicate boy Guidobaldo, familiar in art, with long hair and a cap, the type of Raphael's youth.

Duke Federigo was the most noble figure of his age, a brave general in the field, when he entrusted his realm to the prudent administration of his wife as regent; a sagacious and benevolent ruler. He was in the saddle at dawn, and watched the games of wrestling of the young men on summer evenings.

He descended from his magnificent abode to the market-place of the town to chat with the people, and hear all complaints, as Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is reputed to sit beside the public well among his subjects to-day.

Sigismund Malatesta rode out, as a king-piece, on the other side of the board, always the rival of Urbino, and also trained to the career of military commander by the *Condottiere*.

One leader vaunted an origin from the Emperor Justinian, while the other pretended to descend from the ancient families of Scipio and Cornelius.

Pawns, bishops, queens, knights, and castles might be considered as represented by the Roman Curia, small rulers, and the mercenaries.

The Marches, the German word adopted by Europe in 1400, signified the frontiers of Lombardy, the Veronese march, that of Iorea, ruled by the lords of Monferrat, the Palavicino, and Malaspina, the Romagna, from the Po to the Metauro, the Apennines to the Adriatic, and La Marca, the march of Ancona, the two districts cradling the prowess of petty Italian princes. Formerly disputes were settled by single combat between chosen warriors, but the later services of soldiers were

paid. The campaigns became a game. The *Condottiere* were the skirmishers, enrolled in the services of one Ghibelline city, then changing sides to some Guelph faction. In turn Carmagnola, Colleone, Piccinino, Braccio da Montone, Hawkwood, Gattemalata, and many others played their part, until the papacy endeavoured to rid Italy of their pernicious influence by sending all the free companies against the infidel. The taint of the *Condottiere* system is believed, by certain serious minds, to be still engrafted on the national character.

What terrors for a wee republic perched on high, like San Marino, to have such marauders roaming about, Gaul in mail, Helvetian foot, German giant, or Spanish lancer, as well as unscrupulous Italian!

Braccio da Montone sought to carve out a domain for himself. At one time he owned Perugia, Orvieto, Narni, Rieti, and Assisi. Why should not one of these insolent adventurers come striding over the hills in seven-league boots, giant fashion, and put San Marino into his bag of plunder? The small prey would fain keep aloof from quarrels, but in the encounter of Urbino and Malatesta, San Marino was threatened by the latter, and forced to

take part in the contest, owing to the necessity of appealing to the Pope for protection. Pius II and the Duke of Urbino decided to make war on the arrogant Malatesta as disrespectful in bearing to the Catholic religion. San Marino was in a similar position to that of the modern Triple Alliance between the great powers of Germany, Austria, and Italy, and was pledged to espouse a neighbour's quarrels.

Duke Federigo of Urbino pranced out on the chess-board, and checkmated his adversary of Rimini. San Marino received for damages of the campaign Fiorentino, the Castle of Montegiardino, Serravalle, and Faetano. A brief of Pius II, dated June, 1463, confirmed possession of this property to San Marino. Behold the inherent sagacity of this modest Republic! The men of San Marino were good soldiers, and gracious offers were subsequently made, by letter, to the Captains to enlist in the service of the Pope, the King of Naples, the Lord of Forli, and Florence, but military enterprise, other than as a means of self-protection, was refused. The example of Urbino, the benefactor, did not move them from their decision.

Duke Federigo took part in many campaigns. In

1414 he received the Order of the Garter from England. When he was in the service of Siena the city offered him gifts of pheasants, pigeons, capons, rayfish, almond cakes, bread, and corn.

He visited San Marino in 1478, and addressed the people from a wooden balcony. The structure yielded to his weight, and he fell heavily, sustaining injuries which necessitated his going to the wars in a litter. His death occurred in 1482.

Sigismund Malatesta was, also, a military commander. He was paid thirty thousand ducats for his services by Alfonso of Aragon. Macchiavelli wrote in 1492:

"Peace it cannot be called, whilst the princes were frequently fighting, neither can such struggles well be regarded as warfare, where men were not slain, nor cities sacked, nor sovereignties sacrificed, for so feeble became these strifes that they were begun without alarm, were conducted without risk, and closed without damage."

Pope Pius II died in 1464 at Ancona, where he awaited, with his gaze fixed on the East, the rallying of Christendom to a final Crusade.

King Charles VIII of France passed by beyond the mountains. His reign marked the close of the

Middle Ages, and the beginning of a new order of things.

San Marino endured, known as a republic, and designated as such from Naples to Venice.

The succeeding centuries have brought risks to San Marino, yet the state has braved all perils with prudence and probity. Wars of foreign invasion transpired. There were French and Spanish contests which lasted sixty-seven years. These conflicts were not a mere game of chess. In Piedmont Charles II was still a child. Milan was ruled by the infirm Gian Galeazzo Sforza, and the usurper Ludovico the Moor. At Florence Lorenzo the Magnificent was succeeded by his son Piero, while Venice was absorbed in commerce. Rome was swayed by Nicholas V and Paul II. The latter essayed for seven years to suppress brigandage. Innocent VIII took the part of Anjou against Spain, and threw all Italy into confusion. Alexander VI came to power. The foreign author seems never weary of a morbid delineation of the crimes of this Pontiff. The Romagna was torn by the ambition of princes.

The world is unchanged. The wheat and the tares of humanity grow in the same great field.

The Borgia rioted in sin, and their victims were cowed by fear, while the Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino, mild and refined, was devoted to study, and led the dignified existence of a great seigneur in the observances of religion, and the care for the welfare of his subjects. The shield of his race might well have been inscribed with the words:

"It behooves the high, for their own sakes, to do things worthily."

The historian ponders on that heroine of the theatre, Lucrezia Borgia, of the red-gold hair, as to whether she was "the white leprosy of the Apocalypse in womanhood, or no worse than others of her day," far more readily than he finds any interest in the ladies of Urbino, who were models of decorum, and educated in abstruse branches, combined with the beauty of a Battista Sforza, and the grace and wit, as hostess, of an Emilia Pia. The Fifteenth Century could also boast of a Bianca d'Este, or an Isotta Veronica Gambara.

Michelangelo and Raphael strove to grasp the ideal of their own thoughts in those days, while rank weeds grew about them for the harvest.

Cesar Borgia entered Pesaro, clad in glittering armour, the soldiers of his escort wearing uniforms

of red and yellow, cuirasses and belts studded with seven heads of serpents. The siege of Sinigaglia took place; Fermo, Camerino, Citta di Castello, Rimini, Forli, Imola, Faenza, Bologna, and Ferrara were captured in furtherance of the Pope's scheme of making his son sovereign of a United Italy.

The Duke of Urbino, deceived by the assurances of Valentinois, was forced to fly from his supper table in a garden to Mantua.

San Marino was in great danger. Isolated and menaced by the subtle foe, the Commonwealth appealed to Venice for protection, and in vain. The cruel tyrant had extended a hand to seize the tiny victim, if only in sport, when the death of Alexander VI, and the illness of Cesar averted the catastrophe. San Marino was saved.

Duke Guidobaldo returned to Urbino amidst universal rejoicings, when the children carried olive branches, the women wept over their babies, and the old men tottered forth to greet him.

San Marino next spied down from the watch-tower on the battle of Ravenna, with prelates in mail, the Cardinal Sanseverino on one side, and Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Leo X, on the

other. Pope Julius II had claimed the aid of foreigners against Venice, when the League of Cambray was formed. Too late the warlike Pope distrusted French power. Peschiera, Cremona, Brescia, and Bergamo fell, then Vicenza and Pavia. Gaston de Foix was the hero of that victory of 1512, in which the League routed the Spaniard, with eight thousand French and Italian troops, five thousand Gascons, and five thousand Germans. This hero was killed at the age of twenty-two years. Ravenna was plundered for four days by the mercenaries. Rimini, Forli, Cesena, and Imola hastened to open their gates in submission.

San Marino seemed lost in the general ruin. Julius II saved himself by diplomacy. The French ultimately withdrew from Italy.

This campaign marked a transition in warfare. Cavalry and artillery were employed, with pikes, spears, and halberds. Florence rebelled, and Genoa rose against a French Governor, electing, instead, a Doge in 1528.

San Marino was menaced by the growing power of Venice. The latter took Rimini, and Pandolfo Malatesta endeavoured to corrupt San Marino in his jealousy of Venetian influence. The Pope in-

terfered, and declared that the tiny state was under his protection. Adverse risks were in store. Pope Leo X decided to give San Marino to his nephew, Piero Farnese, as a fief. In 1542 Piero Strozzi was a *Condottiere* in exile, and in the pay of the Holy See. He was forced to give up the fortress of Murano. He resolved to surprise and take San Marino. He sent Fabbiano del Monte and Tantino da Pistoja to Rimini, with soldiers, scaling ladders, and other implements of siege. On the evening of June third five hundred men set forth. Nature and good San Marino defended the Republic from being crushed by a ruthless foe. The plain of Rimini, and the rock of Mount Titan became obscured by a storm of hail and snow, and the strangers, after wandering about all night, harassed by the tempest, turned back at dawn. The Sovereign Council held a fête, and announced to all Italian courts the odious trap in which they had so nearly been ensnared.

The Dukes of Urbino continued benefactors of their modest neighbour. The men of San Marino attended public ceremonials and festivities, such as the marriage of Duke Federigo's daughter Giovanna to Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus

IV. The coffers of little San Marino were drained by the expenses of society and wars. Guidobaldo II espoused the niece of Paul III, and San Marino presented a large silver cup bearing the words engraved:

Libertas perpetua Reipublicae Sancti Marini.

The famous line of Urbino had its span from Duke Federigo, his son Guidobaldo, of the long hair, to Francesco Maria della Rovere, the nephew who brought fresh lustre to the house by his character, and, at first, was despoiled of his rights by Leo X in favour of Lorenzo de' Medici and subsequently restored. San Marino found in Francesco della Rovere a powerful protector. Guidobaldo II, an affable patron of letters and music, was, also, a friend of the Republic. A document exists in the archives in which Guidobaldo promised to defend San Marino from adversaries, at all times, as other members of his house had done. Francesco Maria II was the last of these magnificent rulers. He spent a brilliant youth at the court of Spain, served in the battle of Lepanto, and an engagement at Genoa. He formed a printed library. In a period of leisure he wrote Military Discourses with a preface couched in these terms:

"It is very usual for people to blame the actions of others, and especially the proceedings of those who have long directed the affairs of government." Wise Duke Francesco! He might be speaking for harassed presidents, and badgered prime ministers to-day. Honour to his memory! All republicans should place a laurel wreath on his tomb! Solicitude for the fate of San Marino led him before death to pray Clement VIII to make a treaty of alliance whereby the Republic should stand when the Duchy of Urbino reverted to the Papal States. Urban VIII confirmed the measure. Thus the independence of San Marino was secured.

Was not the Duchess Leonora an example to the wives of all nations in graceful attention to her lord? She built the Villa Imperiale on a ridge of Monte Bartolo, adorned with luxury, and surrounded by gardens of pines, cypress, orange, and lemon trees, cistus, and myrtle, with the inscription:

"For Francesco Maria, Duke of the Metaurian States, on his return from the wars, his consort Leonora has erected this Villa in token of affection, and in compensation for sun and dust, for watching and toil, so that, in an interval of repose, his mili-

tary genius may here prepare for him still wider renown and richer rewards."

An interval of peace ensued during which, grave historians affirm, little San Marino was busy with internal improvements, the modification of laws, instructions, and public administration. An exemplary citizen, Giacomo Belluzzi, founded a college which was later incorporated in the government schools. The free state basked in a false security of contentment and well being.

The Duchy of Urbino was appropriated by the Holy See in 1631 under Urban VIII. In 1739 Cardinal Alberoni, the former minister of Philip V of Spain, and banished from that country, as a political intriguant, resolved to crush the independence of San Marino, and annex the territory to the Church.

Alberoni was one of the men who rise to notice by means of their own cleverness, and the chances of fortune. He is stated to have been the offspring of a gardener and a spinning-girl at San Lazzaro near Piacenza. He was a cook, an actor, a church sacristan, then took orders, became a canon, and chaplain of the Bishop of Borgo San Donnino. When

Marshal Vendôme was in Lombardy in 1703, the abilities of Alberoni were recognized. He aided in arranging the marriage of Elisabeth Farnese, daughter of the Duke of Parma, with Philip V, and endeavoured to restore Spanish influence in Italy by conquering Sicily and Sardinia. Failing in this bold measure, he was made Papal Legate of Ravenna under Clement XII. He chafed at such narrow limits of ambition, no doubt, and turned his gaze on San Marino. As Marcus Aurelius suggests:

"A spider exults in taking a fly, and, among men, one triumphs in capturing a hare, another a fish, and another boars, or bears."

Alberoni libelled the Republic to the Pope, as an oligarchic government, stating:

"San Marino is a very Geneva in the heart of the Papal States, a hot-bed of tyrants, and, if a hostile prince should seize it, he could make of it a strong standpoint from which to attack the Pontifical dominions."

Clement XII counselled moderation in his Legate. Possibly his Orsini nephews were tempted by the bait of taking Mount Titan as a neat property for one of themselves.

Thus did this diplomatic wolf accuse the inoffensive sheep at the brook of stirring the muddy waters, much as modern nations find an excellent pretext for devouring little countries. Alberoni harassed the frontiers of San Marino, checked business transactions with Ravenna, and even had merchandise seized on the roads by his bravos. He tampered with disaffected elements, such as exist in all communities, and bribed some exiles to complain that they belonged within the jurisdiction of the House of Loreto. He persuaded several traitors to betray their country by signing an address to the Pope, requesting to be incorporated in the Roman States.

On the night of October seventeenth, 1739, accompanied by prelates, soldiers, archers, and liberated prisoners, he invaded San Marino, installed himself in the Palace of the Government, proclaimed the sovereignty of Clement XII, and raised the Papal standard on the tower of La Rocca, beside the flag of San Marino.

The surprise was complete. A cry of dismay went up from the little Republic. The populace tolled their bell. The citizens fled to the churches, or remained sullenly shut up in their houses. Oth-

ers surrendered to the intruder, while the faint-hearted emigrated to Venice.

San Marino has been reproached with not evincing the vigour of earlier times at this date. A conservative element despatched envoys to Rome to plead their cause with the Holy See. The situation was most critical, with the enemy in their midst. The tyranny of the bondage suffered during the rule of Alberoni would furnish a literature for Mount Titan, in themes for heroic poems, and the drama of a national theatre.

The citizen Antonio Belzoppi sought aid of Venice, escaping in the night. Alberoni sent his myrmidons after the patriot. He was set upon in one of the narrow *calli* of Venice, fled to his gondola, and was pursued on the lagune, where he worsted his adversaries. His own craft capsized, and he was nearly drowned, when the holy man San Marino appeared in the clouds, and led him to shallow water. Venice was moved to a religious sympathy by this miracle, showered honours on the rescued republican, wished to give him an asylum, and a wife, but he remained faithful to the consort and children left at San Marino.

The citizen Girolamo Gozi wrote to his son in

the Papal States that such was the pilfering of the enemy his inkstand and silver powder-box had been stolen, and he used a bottle instead of a candlestick.

Alberoni ordered all councillors, delegates of communes, and castles, former Captains Regent, and those in office to meet in the cathedral on a certain day, and take an oath of allegiance to the new government.

The Captain Giangi smote the hammer of loyalty on the anvil of home. He said: "On the first of October I swore fealty to my legitimate prince, the Republic of San Marino, which oath I confirm."

Giuseppi Onofri followed, declaring that he was a San Marinese, and not a Roman.

Then Girolamo Gozi added: "May this cup pass from me! I never have disgraced my patron saint, and I never will!"

"Viva la libertà!" cried the people above the sound of the service going on in the cathedral.

Alberoni strode forth, enraged, and with many threats, but the citizens armed themselves, and pillaged his house amidst tumults. Humiliating conditions were imposed the next day, and prisoners

were taken, yet Giovanni Benedetto Belluzzi went to Rome, as a prudent diplomatist, and Clement XII, distrustful of his overzealous Legate, made a treaty of amity, signed on the fête of St. Agatha, 1740. Alberoni was deposed, and the Neapolitan Enriquez sent to San Marino to redress wrongs.

The monk of the Fourth Century, as patron saint, helped "his family of the rock" through the trouble.

Clement XII and Benedict XIV, who confirmed the freedom of the Republic, are venerated in the community, and their portraits given a place of honour.

The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle took place in 1748. San Marino enjoyed tranquillity from the close of the century to the French Revolution.

In 1796 peril assailed the wee state from a new quarter. General Bonaparte, after the victories of Lodi, Arcole, and Montenotte had given him possession of the Italian peninsula, proceeded to divide the fair land among his favourites and kindred. San Marino was chosen as a convenient boundary of territory, a sort of *chef-lieu*.

A wail of indignant protest was wrung from the little people. Already they trembled at the fall of

Venice before this bold conqueror of the pontifical states, and the Marches of Ancona.

Possibly Napoleon discovered the existence of San Marino for the first time. "Ma foi!" he said, gaily. "Let preserve it as the model of a republic."

France was still a Republic. Napoleon cherished a scheme of forming numerous republics in Italy, as he fashioned kingdoms for his own family. He created a Cisalpine, a Ligurian, and a Tiberine Republic, with Genoa, Bologna, and Rome as capitals. The following year Naples was made the Parthenopian Republic, before the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and Joachim Murat, while Eugène Beauharnais ruled over the Cisalpine and Ligurian Republics.

Napoleon was very gracious to the wee folk of Mount Titan. He sent from Pesaro, escorted by cavaliers, to greet San Marino, Gaspard Mouge, the savant and deputy, a follower of the Napoleonic fortunes in the campaigns of Italy and Egypt, and accused of rifling collections for the museums of Paris.

Monge was received with courtesy, and made a flowery address on the fitting theme of Liberty,

from the days of Athens and Thebes. Napoleon offered to enlarge the boundaries of the state, but San Marino modestly and firmly declined. In 1797 Napoleon wrote a letter to the Republic from Modena, proposing to have General Salmquet at Rimini send four field pieces, and one thousand measures of grain, as a gift of the French Republic to the little "*echantillon*" (sample) of a commonwealth. The latter replied that the cannon and grain would be gladly received, but must be paid for. A further extension of relations of commerce was begged. The Napoleonic gifts are said to have never been sent. San Marino only desired to be left unmolested.

The Nineteenth Century has had manifold dangers for the intaglio gem set on the hilltop.

The admirable citizen Antonio Onofri, a descendant of the patriot who defied Alberoni, steered San Marino through all difficulties, in his day, with tact and judgment. He was a statesman representing Metternich or Talleyrand in miniature. Antonio Onofri embodied the virtues of the Republic. He died in 1826, and is still held in grateful remembrance as the Father of his country. He went on missions to Rome, Vienna, and Paris, winning

respect for San Marino by his own demeanour. In 1802 he visited Milan, with an embassy, and made a treaty of commerce with the Cisalpine Republic. Bonaparte, as Emperor, received him kindly at St. Cloud. When the Conqueror was crowned at Milan as King of Italy San Marino was once more alarmed, until Onofri was reassured, and Joachim Murat made amicable overtures from Naples.

Was not Napoleon Bonaparte a true *Condottiere,* a soldier of fortune?

After the Congress of Vienna San Marino was the sole remaining republic of the peninsula. Venice was crushed, and Genoa claimed by the House of Savoy. Pius VII confirmed the independence of San Marino in 1817. Leo XII embroiled all Europe in 1824 in the question of the Carbonari system. Onofri succeeded in exculpating his state from any complicity with the aid of Russia, France, and Prince Doria. The patriot established good relations with Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe in their time. Charles X commended the brave, little Republic as having survived its more powerful sister by prudence and disinterestedness since the year 590, and declared that the French

flag should be planted on the towers as a protection, if necessary.

France has accorded the most sympathetic recognition of San Marino of the nations. Chateaubriand said: "I am a Monarchist in France, but a Republican at San Marino."

In the chain of events the policy of Gregory XVI threw Italy into the scales of Austria. Pius IX came to power in 1848. Daniele Manin rose at Venice, and Garibaldi gathered his band of patriots in the north.

The Austrian army was formidable. The defeat of Custoza occurred. Pius IX was disaffected in the cause of freedom, and fled to Gaeta. Rome summoned Garibaldi, and was a republic for four weeks. When the French appeared Garibaldi and Mazzini escaped in the direction of Venice to aid Manin. The fugitive heroes gained Macerata, and St. Angelo in Vado, then Garibaldi sought refuge, weary and spent, at San Marino, with fifteen hundred followers, old men, boys, and weather-worn women. The dilemma was cruel, for both host and guests. The Austrians were at Rimini, and the fate of the Republic, as neutral ground, hung in the balance. The Captains and Council proposed

to give food outside of their own boundaries, but Garibaldi brought his band into the Borgo, and ascended to the Citadel with his generals to demand aid. Poor Garibaldi! Poor San Marino! Austria, coldly suspicious, and most inexorable of despots, looked on from Rimini. Such was one of the most memorable events in the history of the state.

The knight of the red shirt was welcomed, and lodged in the Franciscan convent, with his wife. He had an order affixed to the door of the parish church, bidding his soldiers respect all property.

Then the thunderbolt fell. The Archduke Ernest, commander of the Austrian forces, threatened San Marino, and demanded that Garibaldi should be given up, with his adherents. The promise was even made to treat him with respect, and send him to America. San Marino despatched a Secretary of State in haste and trepidation to intercede for the hero's capitulation, and the safety of the commonwealth. The emissary had no time to assume any insignia of office, and was arrested as a spy. During the night, while San Marino slept, Garibaldi departed, with his wife, and one hundred and

fifty followers. He made his way to Venice by the marshes of Comachio. In the morning San Marino closed the gates, but gave two *paoli* each to the deserted band, and a passport to seek other refuge.

San Marino was drained in the exchequer and commissariat by this visit. In addition Austria was exasperated by the escape of the fugitives, and needed much diplomatic soothing. The Republic celebrated a Te Deum on the departure of Garibaldi.

Next forty republicans fled from Rome to San Marino. The latter made an heroic struggle not to give them up. The Prolegate Bedini of Bologna was informed that he might come and arrest these fugitives, but they would not be voluntarily abandoned.

Pius IX evinced hostility to San Marino, and sought to curtail the liberty of the state, on the plea of misgovernment, and the assassination of Gian Battista Bonelli. Napoleon III interfered. He compared San Marino to a swarm of bees, and wrote a letter containing the assurance: "France esteems you. Continue to believe in her active benevolence. Faithful in the souvenirs of an af-

fection of several centuries she is always the friend of peaceful virtues such as you practise."

Surely Napoleon III never appeared to better advantage than in penning these words.

Luigi Cibrario took San Marino under his especial protection when the House of Savoy became the rulers of United Italy, and established amicable relations with King Victor Emmanuel and the late King Humbert. The grateful little people heaped honours on the statesman. They decorated him with the Equestrian Order, adding the three towers to his coat-of-arms, and inserted a slab in the wall of the Council Chamber to his memory.

In 1868 San Marino refused the offers of speculators to found here a Casino. Again in 1879 the Captains Regent issued this noble proclamation:

"Citizens, it is not by the maintenance of material prosperity that the good name of free states is preserved. It is by means of the great virtues of proud and honest republicans who know how to repulse riches, even in poverty, with the courage which does not fear to encounter danger, and the magnanimity that knows how to refute, with scorn, all that might corrupt the people, and contaminate

the public health. Beware of those who do not profess our creed."

Count Borghese made of Mount Titan an ideal retreat for the scholar. A native of Savignano, he retired from the political agitations of 1821 to the highest house of San Marino, with his books, medals, and manuscripts. Who does not envy him such a retreat? He walked on a garden terrace overlooking the surrounding mountains. He descended to Rome in 1842, on a diplomatic mission for his adopted country. He dwelt here undisturbed, otherwise, absorbed in his studies from sunrise to sunset.

San Marino does not occupy an important place among nations. Catholic in religion, these republicans have ever resisted the temporal rule of Rome.

A famous tenet of Venice was "We are Venetians, and then Christians."

San Marino, in staunch loyalty, must have early adopted a similar creed.

SAN MARINO STAIRCASE OF PALACE OF STATE.

SAN MARINO, HALL OF THE GREAT COUNCIL.

VI

REPUBLICANS OF SAN MARINO

The baby is born at San Marino in one of the modest hamlets of the lowlands, among the meadows and mulberry trees, as belonging to the infancy of society.

If the family happens to be absent from the confines of the Republic, and a return is possible for the happy event, the baby must be born within the limits of native territory, and thus become a citizen of San Marino.

No doubt the wise women wrap the little stranger in the swaddling-bands used by all Italy, the *fascia* of the Romans. He is rocked in a cradle scarcely less primitive than the *cumabula,* shaped like a trough, or a boat.

The baby is as welcome as was the son of the last Duke of Urbino, who was carried to the baptism in draperies of velvet and brocade, with pageants of rejoicing, allegorical figures traversing

the streets in decorated cars, and shepherds sounding golden trumpets.

The San Marino baby begins his career of the enjoyment of childhood in the sunshine of a pure atmosphere. The rafters of the farmhouse are low, and bunches of grapes and hams are suspended from the beams. The pot of polenta swings over the fire. The household pets, the dogs, cats, and pigeons, look in at the door occasionally. A delicious cake may be baked under the ashes for young appetites, the piece of dough, like the *mamphula* of the Syrians, the Hebrews, and the Romans, or the *ciambelli* of the Adriatic shore, a circlet made of flour, sugar, and oil, and eaten on holidays.

As in all lands the grandmother is the indulgent nurse of opening years. She is apt to adhere to old customs. Possibly she has wielded the distaff in the same fashion as the woman on the marble relief found in the Forum of Nerva, holding the distaff in the left hand, the cane stick a yard in length, slit at the top in such a manner as to open and form a sort of basket, filled with wool, and the drawn thread depending while the worker twists the spindle with the fingers of her right hand.

The grandmother sings the songs of Francis of

Assisi to the baby, the gentle saint who claimed the birds as his brothers and sisters, and was careful to avoid treading on a worm in traversing this country, as a humble monk, six hundred years ago. At Christmastide she guides the toddling footsteps of the new citizen to contemplate the marvels of the Presepio, or Manger, all tinsel stars and twinkling tapers, with woolly sheep, wooden animals, and dolls for shepherds gathered around a puppet Madonna, holding the Christ Child on her knee. The ceremony was first instituted by St. Francis, who preached in stables, tenanted by living oxen and sheep, on occasion, to impress the vivid reality on rustic hearers of the birth of Jesus of Bethlehem.

Youth grows up in the village on the slope above the precipice, wending onward to the city above. Youth is as full of marvels as childhood on the meadow. The metal must be bent and fashioned by the schoolmaster in the requirements of a fair, average education. This pedagogue, something more than the *ludimagister* of early Roman schools, wields the identical ferula of those earlier days. The teacher may not possess all the qualifications of a second Vittorino de Rambaldoni da Feltre,

the master who trained the heirs of Mantua and Urbino in grammar, dialectics, and philosophy, with such accomplishments as fencing, drawing, and music. If he is a Froebel, by instinct, he may take the country outspread before his pupils as a map, tracing Roman history by the Via Flaminia and the Via Emilia, the crumbling towers of empire in Byzantine Ravenna, and the fertile plains where Etruscan and Carthaginian armies have passed.

For the rest, youth need not stray beyond the boundaries of the Republic in search of legend and fairy lore.

Yonder is the Valdragone, or Valley of the Dragon, reputed to have been haunted by a demon many times as big as the lizards whisking along the walls, where a pious citizen wished to build a Servite monastery. He left the requisite funds, but the bequest was neglected. An evil spirit took possession of the spot in consequence. At length a good man of Siena, Spannochi by name, visited San Marino, and became interested in the matter. He returned to appease the dragon of the locality by building the convent, and brought a Madonna. No doubt the picture was of the Sienese school.

Sigismund Malatesta, in a bad humour, waylaid the worthy Spannochi, and tried to hang him at a spot where there was a cross, but the rope broke. Night came on, and the troop made a forced march homeward, with their prisoner, yet in the morning they found themselves in the same place, under a magical spell.

The juvenile Sanmarinese may visit a cavern in the rocks, where a current of cool air is perceptible on the hottest day of summer, emanating from unknown subterranean depths. Possibly he conceals himself when a weary and dusty gypsy horde pass through the land, the strange people so fearful and fascinating to childish imagination in all countries.

He enacts a pantomime of the tale that a stranger came to dwell at San Marino in the Sixteenth Century, who related to the parish priest that a band of these picturesque outcasts from Naples, meditated poisoning the wells, surprising the guardians of the city gates, and making of the little Republic a true gypsy kingdom. The parish priest seems to have considered the tale mere rubbish. The mysterious stranger vanished, but small boys of an average dramatic temperament can revel in terrific combats

of repulsing the fortune-telling and fair-juggler crew, with shouts of defiance from the safe shelter of ledges and trees. What a stage of local history the young Sanmarinese enjoys on which to strut, as a Duke of Urbino, or to frown menacingly as a ruthless *Condottiere,* and even assume the rôle of Pope, or bishop, with the startling irreverence of tender years.

The calendar of the twelvemonth brings diversion to youthful spirits. April's Fool has many pranks to play, such as surprising a victim in bed after sunrise, compelling him to mount on a mule, and carry an umbrella over his head. Festivals, gymnastics, and prize shooting occur in September in the space known as La Fratta, situated between two towers of the height. Winter clothes the steep streets of the city with snow and frost.

Youth disports himself on small sledges, delighting in the *liscia* in the keen air; a pastime similar to the Canadian tobogganning. The game of ball, whether adapted from the *follis* of the Romans, which was caught on the guard of the right arm, or the modern *pallone* of other Italian towns, is played throughout the year.

Hunting is represented by shooting the thrushes

and chaffinches for the table, in the season, to be prepared by the good mother, thrust on a spit, and toasted before the fire, enveloped in an overcoat of bacon and sage leaves, with alternate slices of tongue, and bread, or stewed with ripe grapes as a delicacy.

The world is open to the young man of San Marino. He has the ebullitions concerning the questions of the day of the student of the Latin races, which often finds expression in defiance of professors, tumults, and much breaking of windows and furniture at Rome and Naples.

He may remain steadfast to his rock, or seek venerable Italian universities and great capitals in the research of science, art and industry.

The maiden is educated by the nuns of one of the convents of the community. She is early made familiar with the tradition of how a peasant woman on the Eve of St. Agatha saw in the twilight a phantom procession of girls in white raiment, with lighted tapers, taking their way up the mountain side.

Each year the maiden takes part in the fête of February on the saint's anniversary, and in commemoration of deliverance from Alberoni. A

group of snowy-clad little girls leave the Borgo for the city above. These represent the Virtues; the two leaders support a banner of the Republic symbolizing Liberty, while another bears the sword and balance of Justice. A band of boys surround them, carrying candles. From the toy nursery of doll time, with all its miniature, make-believe duties, to blooming womanhood, with musings over the bridal veil and the cares of the real cradle in the near future, there is only a span of a few happy years. The maiden must listen to maternal precepts as to modest behaviour, possibly still derived from the example of those charming ladies of Urbino of long ago. She attends national and church festivals, and visits the fairs of the market-place, when the booths display a brave array of coral beads, 'kerchiefs, and trinkets. Marriages result from such gatherings, the girl placing a bunch of flowers in the lover's hat, and receiving a gift of sugar-plums.

The country citizen dwells in the suburbs of the Borgo in a comfortable villa. He represents the republican, whose aim is to keep the government as founded on the evangelist in probity, and the Church with the simplicity of the early fathers.

He asks of his neighbours only to be permitted to till the ground, reap his harvests, and grow his grapes unmolested by war, International Congress, or diplomatic intrigue. His ambition is limited to the state, and finds ample scope of development within his sphere. The very implements of agriculture used in native soil may have an especial significance to him of loyal association with the days when San Marino enjoined his followers to labour. The sickle with the long handle, employed to clear an overgrowth of weeds and bushes, is like the *falcastrum* of the Roman husbandman; the *furca* is the two-pronged hay fork; the *falx*, or scythe, no other than the classical tooth sickle, the *denticulata*, which cut the stalk of grain below the ear; and *la pala*, the wooden spade of Italy and Greece, with which the wheat is winnowed on the threshing-floor by tossing shovelfuls in the direction of the wind to detach the chaff. The *sarculum*, or hoe, may do as good service in weeding gardens and fields of the mountain slopes, where the soil is of little depth, and the surface cultivated has many inequalities, as in the time of the hermit founder of the state, while the *agolum*, the long, tapering stick of the Roman herdsman,

is to-day the shoot of prickly pear used in driving the cattle to market.

The lupin patches grow at the bidding of the citizen to feed the animals when green, and of value as the *tristis lupinus* of Virgil, bitter in flavour, yet a food of the people, steeped and crushed in water. The hot sun ripens the grain to be cut in the harvest of the end of June. The grapes garner their juices on the vines, festooned from tree to tree, until October, when the fruit is plucked amidst song and laughter of mellow autumn weather, and the vintage heaped on wagons drawn by oxen, trampled in the vats, and consigned to casks. Good cheer abounds at the harvest time, of eggs, ham, *ricotta,* and wine.

The country proprietor is justly proud of his wine. The cellars are caverns beneath Borgo which are as cool as ice-houses in summer.

A French author of the Seventeenth Century states of San Marino: "The wines here are so pleasing, pure, grateful and good, that they have no cause to be jealous of the clarets of France."

The good wife has her duties as mistress of the household. She dries the figs, spread on planks in the sun, stores the fungus gathered in the Apen-

nines, and prepares the sausage, which the citizen considers equal in excellence to that of ancient Lucania in the mingling of savoury rue, cummin, pepper, rock parsley and laurel berries, with the minced swine's flesh.

Cattle form an important element of trade. The cow, donkey, or pig for sale is driven at an early hour to the weekly fair held at Borgo. Preparations for a display of the mild-eyed grey oxen may include the usual decking of their horns with sprays of flowers, and fastening strips of red cloth to neck and flank, when the patient creatures, to the number of two or three hundred, are exhibited.

If the citizen is enterprising he meditates on modern improvements in utilizing the riches of his native state, in the commerce of quarrying stone, as well as the extraction of sulphur and marble. Perchance he dreams of passing over the land, holding a witch's wand in his hand, not in the hope of discovering a vein of gold, yet, at least, iron mines equal to Lamole, or the copper of Gubbio.

The town resident dwells in one of those mediæval palaces of the city, with a massive portal, and grated casements, reached by entering the town

gate and traversing some little piazza in shadow, flanked by the book-stall, a fish-market, a pharmacy, and a tobacconist shop. If he exercises the hospitality of a leading member of society of similar hill towns of the Romagna his table is spread for many guests. He may adhere to the example of Urbino under the first Duke Guidobaldo, in an abundance of sweet herbs and fruit, cherries and figs eaten before dinner, pears, peaches, apples, and almonds for dessert, while melons and grapes are served with the bread, wine, and salad of supper. Due observance of fast days may be maintained with soup, eggs, cheese, fowls, and pastry.

The town member is a man of education, who has travelled, and is ready to fulfil all public functions as a duty to the Republic. His tiny world furnishes examples in his own career from Onofri, the statesman; Giangi, the patriot; Gozi, who gave of his own wealth for the public benefit; Giuseppe Bergonsi, the eminent physician; Giovanni Benedetto Belluzzi, diplomatist, who made the treaty with Clement XII, to the Bishop of Fermo, Giovanni della Penna, Rector of the University of Padua, or Giovanni Battista Belluzzi, engineer, who studied at Pesaro in 1542, entered the service of

Duke Cosimo at Florence, and built fortifications at Pistoja, Siena, and San Miniato.

The little Republic has made itself respected even by despotic powers. A philosophical bent of mind must lead to reflections on the point of view in the past.

Melchiore Delfino extolled every virtue in the commonwealth, while Carlo Fea blamed San Marino in praising the magnanimity of the Holy See in tolerating such a community within the papal territories. Pietro Bembo wrote of the Republic, and Ariosto satirized it. The favourite work of the citizen should be Zuccoli's *La Città Felice,* in which a Belluzzi, a Captain of the Republic, in a dialogue affirms:

"Our neighbours themselves do not clearly know the happiness of this Republic. At a distance they only know us by name."

If the citizen requires the refreshment of a sojourn at a spa, he has the thermal waters of San Anastasia in place of Carlsbad or Vichy.

The citizen's wife has many memories to relate to the young people, as she sits wrapped in furs and mantle, with the *scaldino* for fuel rather than much fire on the hearth within the sombre mansion,

or walks abroad on the public promenade, the *stradone,* seeking the genial southern exposure beyond the principal city gate. She recalls other fêtes of St. Agatha, when she was a girl, dressed in white, and the balls, the fireworks, and the theatre on such occasions.

She relates to open-eyed, juvenile listeners, on winter evenings, how some ancestor attended the funeral of the great Duke Federigo, San Marino shedding tears of affection and sorrow for the common loss.

The sole tyrant feared in this free territory is the wind. The most violent gales sweep from the south and the west.

When the bell of San Marino rings there is no republican response in all Italy. Switzerland sends back the echo from the Cantons through Alpine defiles, France takes up the note in full cadence, and across the sea America proclaims the equality of man.

In the year 1906 San Marino is aroused to interest in modern political life. Reform stirs the soul of the citizens. The walls of the little towns have been papered with manifestoes of the democratic element of society. A journal entitled *Il Titano*

promulgates the theories of progress, and the rights of the people to a larger share of the government. The clarion note of the press is to remind the Sanmarinese that since 1270 the same order of things has prevailed in adhering to the Constitution organized in the Ninth Century, whereby Councillors of the Sovereign Council from the heads of families have been elected to office for life. The democratic opposition insists that these councillors should be chosen every three years, and by the vote of the people. Oratory and agitation have urged the little Republic not to remain a state belonging to the Middle Ages, but to take a place in the twentieth century with her neighbours, Italy and France.

The *Arengo general,* or general council, has been convoked, after four hundred years, to debate on the new order of things.

Lo! The great bell of the tower of La Rocca, weighing seven thousand kilograms, rings at sunset on March 24th, to recall to the heads of families that on the morrow (Sunday) they are to give their vote. What memories the bell must evoke in San Marino!

At dawn the note is taken up again. The people gather in the square. Eight hundred chiefs

of family pause before the cathedral. All ceremonials are conducted in the ancient manner. The church doors open, and the cortège enter the sanctuary. Two Regents, as representing the government, lead, with Secretaries of State and of the Interior and Exterior, the heads of families of the parishes, and commissary of the law. The vote is written on a piece of paper, and put in a closed wooden box placed before the urn of San Marino on the main altar.

At one o'clock the bell of the tower proclaims that the desired constitutional reform has been approved by the unanimous vote of the electors.

Thus the light of the Twentieth Century shines on the intaglio set high among the hills, with the figure of Fortitude engraved by the passing years, still unharmed, holding her sword on her knee.

THE END.

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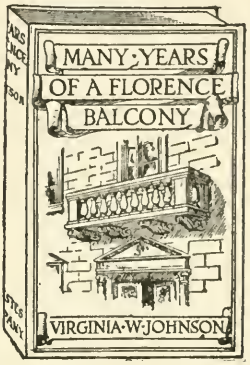

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